

A  
*Looking-Glass*  
FOR  
CHILDREN.

Being a *Narrative* of God's gracious Dealings with some Little Children; Recollected by *Henry Jessy* in his life-time. Together with sundry seasonable Lessons and Instructions to Youth, calling them early to remember their Creator: Written by *Abraham Chear*, late of *Plymouth*.

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**The Fourth Edition, Enlarg'd.**

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To which is added many other Poems very suitable. As also some Elegies on departed Friends made by the said *Abraham Chear*.

All now faithfully gathered together, for the benefit of Young and Old, by *H. P.*

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*Psal. 66. 16. Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my Soul.*

*Deut. 31. 19. Now therefore write ye this Song for you, and teach it the Children of Israel; put it in their mouths, that this Song may be a witness for me.*

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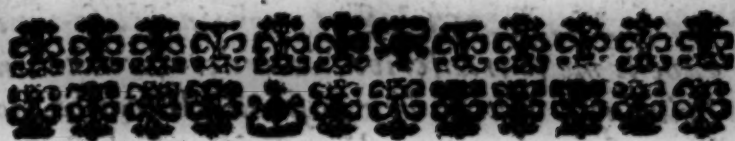
A  
 Looking Glass  
 FOR  
 CHILDREN  
 A  
 new and improved  
 method of teaching  
 children to read  
 collected by Henry  
 together with  
 and instructions  
 for the use of  
 the book  
 by Henry

106  
 11 3  
 1817

The Young Man  
 1817







## To the Reader.

**T**Hou hast here ( gentle Reader ) brought to thy view, in the first part of this Book, a Narrative of the Gracious Dealings of God with several Children; and what they gained in an early looking Heavenward, in which thou mayest see and behold the condescension of the Lord to such little Ones, in opening their understanding, and giving them a sight and sense of their undone estate by nature, from whence they were made to seek and enquire after a Saviour, and by Grace helped to apply and improve his gracious Calls and Invitations to a full Satisfaction in, and by Faith a cleaving to His undertakings, as the alone way and means to Salvation, to their great comfort here, and firm hope of glory hereafter. All which was wonderfully effected, to the praise of the free Grace of God, and admiration of Relations and Beholders; and now presented to thee, being first written by that faithful Servant of the

A 2

Lord

## To the Reader

Lord, Mr. Henry Jessey; who in his life-time gave it me to transcribe, in order for the then Printing: But it being small, I waited to have somewhat to adjoyn to it, which Providence hath lately brought to my hand, as that which is worthy of publication, being the Fruit of some idle hours of that Servant of the Lord Mr. Abraham Chear, whilst in bonds for the truth of Christ; wherein he expresses his well-wishes to the Souls of divers poor Children, towards whom he then stood nearly related; and dearly affected, as by the second Part hereof you may largely see: and if helped of God to make improvement of it, so as carefully to mind, and heedfully to walk in the practice of what is seasonably advised in the said Discourse, you will have great cause to bless the Lord for such endeavours, now published for your profit and advantage.

The Motive provoking me thus to recollect this little Book, is chiefly from consideration of my daily observation of Youths great need of all endeavours to prompt them to that which is good, they being naturally addicted to be drawn away through their own inclinations, and the powerful prevalency of Satan to sin and disobedience; by which they wrong their precious Souls, Prov. 8. 36. thereby incurring God's displeasure to the daily hardening their hearts from his fear,

## To the Reader.

fear, and following the sins and pleasures of this vain World, until they are prepared as Vessels of Wrath fitted for Destruction and Perdition; which is the certain effect of Sin, ruling and reigning without restraint in the hearts of the Children of Disobedience, Col. 3. 6. Which evil and judgment may be timely prevented, by hearkning to God's Call, Prov. 9. 6. seeking and serving him betimes, Prov. 8. 17. believing his Word, avoiding evil company, Prov. 4. 15, 16. slighting the allurements of present pleasure, and the sinful delights of the flesh, and by making good-men examples to walk after, Prov. 2. 20. Heb. 6. 12. 2 Chron. 29. 2. and therein esteeming and highly prizing the excellency of the Lord Jesus, in all his glorious undertakings for poor sinners, Phil. 3. 8. cleaving to his Righteousness only for Justification and Salvation, 1 Cor. 1. 30. Which Mercy is greatly desired may accompany the Reader of this little Piece, whereby he may say it was worth perusing, for that by it the Lord made him to consider his latter end, and remember him in the day of his youth, so as to make his Calling and Election sure, as did these pretty Children. That being my aim and end in the publishing hereof, I shall daily wait for its success, and remain yours,

In true desires after your

Eternal happiness. H. P.

Go little Book, and speak for them that be  
Lanch'd with great safety to Eternity;  
Engaging others, by what they did find,  
Their everlasting Peace chiefly to mind.  
Their names are blest, and had in memory;  
They served God, and thence in peace did die.

All you that read, be earnest to obtain  
True faith in Christ, which will be lasting gain.  
And if, while young, God do his Work begin  
Upon your Soul, take heed, beware of sin;  
It will prove to your Crown another day,  
To cleave to Righteousness, whilst yet you may.  
Proceed in fear, in love, with true delight,  
Unto the Lord, to serve him with your might.  
Observe the Lessons given by Abram Chear,  
That they your Soul may unto Christ endear.  
Such Songs are good, if well improved be,  
Sung by experience, with Soul-harmony.  
The Truths therein inserted make your own,  
By practise in true love to Christ alone:  
Mind chiefly now your everlasting Rest,  
That in compare with all things is the best.  
Love God, and fear him in sincerity,  
So shall you praise him to eternity.

London, 12th Month,  
12th day, 1672.

H. P.

of hopeful young Children, (the great joy of their Parents,) remembering their Creator in the dayes of their Youth; Being trained up in the Holy Scriptures from their Infancy.

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*First, Of Mary Warren, Born in May 1651, Aged Ten years in May 1661.*

**W**Hen this Child was about five or six years old, she had a new plain Tammy Coat; and when she was made ready, was to be carried with other Children into *Morefields*: having looked upon her Coat, how fine was, she presently went to her Chair, late



[ 8 ]  
sate down, her tears running down her eyes, she wept seriously by her self; Her Mother seeing it, said to her, How now? Are you not well? What's the matter that you weep? The Child answered, *Yes, I am well, but I would I had not been made ready, for I am afraid my fine Cloathes will cast me down to Hell.* Her Mother said, *It's not our Cloaths, but wicked Hearts that hurt us.* She answered, *Aye Mother, fine Cloathes make our hearts proud.*

The Scriptures being daily read in the House, when one had read *Luke 10.* she laid to heart the end of the Chapter, how *Mary sate at Christs feet and heard him. And Martha complained; and Jesus said, Martha, Martha, Thou art careful, and cumbered about many things; but one thing is needful, Mary hath chosen that good part that shall not be taken from her.* Hearing this, the tears ran down, and she wept sore. Being asked the cause, she said, *I am not like this good Mary, I know not that one thing needful.* Thus tender was her heart at that Age.

In February 1659.

The Night after General Monk had sent his Letter to the Parliament to put an end



to their sitting by such a time; Bonfires  
being made the night following all over  
London, and some before her Fathers door :  
When some went down to see them, this  
Child would not : But going to the Win-  
dow, and looking out, hearing such roar-  
ing and rantings in the burning of Rumps,  
and drinking of Healths there; she came  
back, and the tears running down her  
cheeks, she said thus, *Here's a deal of wick-*  
*ed joy, they know not but they may be dead*  
*before the morning; methinks I see our sins fly*  
*up to Heaven as fast as the sparks fly up-*  
*ward.*

*This that next follows, was written about*  
*October 28. 1661.*

It being 24 days now that she had ta-  
ken nothing but Water, with a little Su-  
gar, till *Tuesday* last; and ever since that,  
she will not take it with Sugar, but Water  
only, without crying out, (her speech be-  
ing of late taken from her) and that by  
forcing it into her by a Syringe, she ha-  
ving an Imposthume in her stomach, as it  
appeared afterwards, not taking Food at all  
divers days.

- What

*What next follows was written by her Father  
on Friday night, Octob. 4. 1661.*

She sent for me to speak with me ; and when I came, asked her what she would have with me : She answered, *I have but a short time to live, I pray you be loving to my poor Mother.* Afterwards he speaking of loving her, she said, *I pray manifest your love to my poor Mother.* Her Mother asked her if she were willing to die ? she answered, *Ay, very willing, for then I shall sin no more, for I know that Christ's Blood hath made satisfaction for my sins.* I asked her, if I should go down ? She answered, *I have done with you now, you may if you please.*

Next night, Octob. the 5th, her Mother going softly to the Chamber-door, she heard her speaking alone, and she listened, and heard her say thus, *Come Lord Jesus, come quickly, and relieve thy poor Creature from all my pains.*

On the Lords Day, ( Octob. 6. ) she said thus, *Here is nothing here but sin, I am longing to die, but either to live or to die, what the Lord pleaseth, his Will be done, and I will, whether I will or no.*

*On Tuesday at night, Octob. 8.*

Seeing her Mother weeping, she said, Mother, Do not weep for me, but leave me to the Lord, and let him do with me what he pleaseth. And then clasping her Arms about her Mothers Neck, her Mother said, thou embracest me, but I trust thou art going to the embracings of the Lord Jesus: She answered, Mother, I know it, that when I go from hence, I shall go into health and happiness, or else I should not undergo all pains with so much patience, (she having been in very great pain, having an Ulcer in her Stomach.) One day when a Nurse came to see her young Sister Sarah, and Sister Ann being with her, she said to her sister, Go, see Nurse: Her Sister said, she was loth to leave her alone: She answered, I am not alone, for the Lord is with me; as it is in John, I am not alone, for the Father is with me. She feeling a sore pain on her side, her Mother said, she would apply something to it. She answered, No, the Lord Jesus hath undergone a great deal of pain for me.

*More*

*More Expressions of Mary Warren.*

She having been very ill and speechless for some days, her Father had desired Mr. *John Simpson*, and Mr. *Palmer*, late of *Gloucestershire*, and Mr. *Jessy*, to come to his House, and pray for his sick and much pained Daughter.

On Friday *Novemb. 8. 1661.* these men then, and sought the Lord earnestly on her behalf, her Father having first declared to them his Daughters afflicted Condition and the more to affect them therewith, he there read to them, what he had formerly written of her *gracious Expressions*, (those before recited) from *Octob. 4. 1661.* they being present also Mr. *Greensmith* and his Wife; also that grave Matron Mrs. *Akins*, a Ministers Widow, with divers other Christian Friends.

That relation the more affecting the hearts to pray for her; After these and another Minister had prayed for her, and were gone, in hopes the Lord would soon return a gracious Answer, though they could see nothing at their departure: pleased the Lord, the Evening following to open her Mouth, that had been speechless for many days; then she spake

to the Maid to call her Mother, and when she came, she said thus ;

Pray you Mother, take off these Playsters, for I would not have them ; I would have no Doctors, or Apothecaries, for God shall be my Physician, and he will heal me : If I could have spoken before these Playsters were aying on, I would not have had them laid on. If my Speech should be taken away again, do not trouble me with any more things, for the Lord hath fed me with the Food of righteousness and Gladness.

Sometimes when you laid Victuals upon a trencher, I snatcht it away ; I would not destroy Gods good Creatures, when I am in my sins : If any thing lie on the Cloth before me, I take it away. Though you take Water to wash my mouth, there is none goeth down, for I have no nourishment by any thing but God, no more than by this Rag, (taking one in her hand.)

I do not value the things of this World no more than dirt. Her Mother had told one, that she thought her Daughter had assaults of Satan, she once looked very gashly : And now her Daughter said thus ; Once I think I looked gashfully, and turned my head on one side and on the other ; Satan stood upon my left side, and God was upon my right side, and opened the Gates of Heaven for me ;



and he told me, Satan should not hurt me though he sought to devour me like a roaring Lion.

Something being burning, that gave her offence, she said, *I perceive you burn something; but do not trouble me, for I cannot smell. I am very sore, from the crown of my head to the sole of my foot; but I am so full of comfort and joy, that I do feel but little of my pain; I do not know whether I shall live or die; but whether I live or die, it will be well for me; I am not in trouble for my sins, God is satisfied with his Son Jesus Christ, for he hath washed them away with his Blood.*

Another time when she had been speechless, and began to speak, she said, *I have been so full of joy and gladness, when I was silent; I am not able to express it.*

When her Mother syringed her Mouth with water, she said, she could not relish it but desired to try a Syringe of Beer; which when she had, she said, *It relished worse than the Water*: then she desired a Syringe of Milk; which when she had it, she said, *I cannot relish any thing*: But (said she) *I must wait upon the Lord to see what he will provide for me.*

Then her Sister standing by, she said, *Sister Betty, and Sister Ann, be sure you*



First Work be in the morning to seek the Lord by Prayer, and likewise in the evening; and give thanks for your Food: for you cannot pray too often to the Lord; and though you cannot speak such words as others have, yet the Lord will accept of the heart: for you do not know how soon your speech may be taken away as mine was.

She desired her Mother, thus; Do not let too much company be here late at night, lest it should hinder them from seeking the Lord Jesus in duty at home.

She said further, When I was first ill, and went about the House, I was not under trouble for my sins at all, neither am I now troubled with Satans temptations, for the Lord hath I trampled him under his feet.

She said also, When I can hear or understand, I well tell some body, that they may come and read by me, for I love to hear the Word of God read to me, (for then she could not hear).

Another time.

She spake to the Maid to call her Mother, saying, I have something to say to her; and when her Mother came, she said, If my speech be taken away, and should be a great while so, that then I may have no Doctor, Apothecary, or Chirurgeon come at me; and that

I may not have any more Physick given to me, and be sure to take notice of my words, for they look more at the Physick than at the Power of God; and if you suffer them to give me any more things, the Lord will be angry with you, and will bring a greater affliction upon you in some of my other Sisters. I know the Lord can open the passage of my Throat in a moment, and cause me to take food; or, he may let me lie a great while in this condition; As for washing my mouth with Water, I find no more, but only to wash the Phlegm.

But I am fed with the Bread of Life, that I shall never hunger; and do drink of the Water of Life, that I shall never thirst more.

I know not whether I shall live or die, but if I die, and if you will have a Sermon, I desire this may be the Text; the place I do not know, but the words may be comfortable to you; That David, when his Child was sick, he cloathed himself in Sackcloth, and wept; but when his Child was dead, he washed and eat Bread: For you have wept much, while I have been sick; and if I die, you have cause to rejoyce.

She said, My Soul also was so full of comfort, that I would have spoken much more: But her speech being almost gone,

she

he said, If it please the Lord that I might have my hearing and my speech, (which would be a great miracle) I should speak much more.

Novemb. 10. on the Lord's Day, she said as follows; When her Mother had syring'd several things into her mouth; as first Water, which she not relishing, then Water and Vinegar, then Vinegar and Sugar, then Milk, and none did relish with her, she said, Here is but a little comfort in these; my comfort is in the Lord, There is comfort indeed: though we may seek comfort here, and the glory of this World, yet, what is all that? all will be nothing; when we come to lie upon a Death-Bed, then we would fain have the love of God; and cannot get it: I am full of comfort and joy. Though the Lord is pleased to let me lie under many pains, yet he knoweth what is best for his Children; he hath enabled me, and will enable me to bear them; and though he should lay a hundred times more upon me, yet will I wait upon him, for he is my stay, and the hope of my Salvation: My pains are nothing to the pains of Hell, where they will never be at an end. And Christ he suffered a great deal more for me then all this is; he was bruised, buffeted, and spit upon; and they platted a Crown of Thorns and put upon his Head, and gave

him Vinegar to drink: But I have several things to take, though I cannot relish them. And they came out against Christ with Swords and Staves, and Christ did not open his mouth against them; but rebukes Peter for cutting the high Priests Servants ear, and bid him put up his Sword into the Scabbard, and said, Shall not I drink of the Cup that my Father hath prepared for me? Though my pains are very great, yet I am full of joy and comfort: I was very full of comfort before, but I am fuller of joy this hour than I have been yet. It is better to live Lazarus's life, and to die Lazarus's death, than to live Dives his life; he had delicacies, and afterwards would have been glad to have had Lazarus dip his finger in water and cool his tongue.

Though the Lord give Satan power over my Body, yet he hath promised he shall not hurt my Soul. The Devil could not go into the Herd of Swine till Christ had given him leave: And though he stood at my left hand, and said, I am in filthy rags, yet the Lord stands at my right hand, and saith, I am but a fire-brand newly plucked out of the fire, and he will put on me his Robes of Righteousness.

The last night I could not stir my Head, Hand, nor Foot, but by and by the Lord did help

lp me to move my Head a little, and at  
ngth my Body.

O what a good God have I, that can cast  
own and raise up in a moment ! But here is  
ly looking at the Physician ; as many, when  
ey have been sick and well again, they say,  
uch a Physician, and such a Physician hath  
ured them, and they neglect looking up to the  
ord.

It is true, the Lord doth appoint the means  
make use of, but nothing will do us good,  
cept he give a blessing to it. O that we  
ad Faith as that Woman had, that had  
ent all upon Physicians, who did her no  
ood ; and then came and touch'd the Hem of  
hrists Garment ; and when Christ felt ver-  
ue go out of him, he asked his Disciples,  
Who touched him ? then she trembled, but  
Christ said, Rise up Daughter, thy Faith  
ath made thee whole.

Of



*Of the Expressions of an hopeful Child, the daughter of Mr. Edward Scarfield, that was but eleven years of Age in March, 1661. Gathered from a Letter written by one fearing God, that lived in the House with the Child.*

**I**N *August*. last, this Child was sick of a Feaver; in which time, she said to her Father, ( who is a holy, humble precious man,) *I am afraid, I am not prepared to die*; and fell under much trouble of Spirit, being sensible, not only of actual sins, but of her lost estate without Christ, in unbelief, ( as *Ephes. 2. 12. John 16. 8, 9.* ) and she wept bitterly, crying out thus, *My sins are greater than I can bear, I doubt God will not forgive them*: telling her Father, *I am in unbelief, and I cannot believe*: Yet she was drawn out to pray many times in those words of *Psal. 25. For thy names sake, O Lord, pardon my sin, for it is great.* Thus she lay oft mourning for sin, and said, *I had rather have Christ than health.* She would



repeat many promises of God's Mercy and Grace, but said, she could not believe.

When she had been complaining, that he was not prepared; her Father opening the Bible, his eyes first fixed upon these words, (in *Psal.* 10. 17.) *Lord, thou wilt prepare the heart, thou wilt cause thine ear to hear*; and he bid her take notice of the Lord's providence therein, ordering the opening of the Book, and his eyes to pitch on these words. The next day, when she was mourning for sin, he opening it again, his eyes fixed on those words in *Matth.* 5. *Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.* He bid her observe that Providence also. But as yet her time was not come, and she still mourned under her unbelief.

The next day, being then the 24<sup>th</sup> of the 6<sup>th</sup> month 1661. he praying that morning with his godly Family, (as his usual way hath been for many years to pray with them, and read the Scriptures, or catechise them daily morning and evening); Behold she and see what gracious encouragement the Lord gave him in his Service, as he was praying to this effect, (*That we might not look for any thing in us to rest in, or trust in, unto for our justification to stand righteous before God; but onely in Jesus Christ alone,* who

who died for our sins at Jerusalem, and rose again for our justification. ) Whilst he was praying to that effect, the Lord raised her Soul up to believe; as she told her Father when Prayer was ended, *Now I believe in Christ, and I am not afraid of Death.*

After this, she said, *I had rather die than sin against God.* Since that time she hath continued quiet in mind; as one that hath peace with God.

As for this young Child, I have been comforted in seeing her, and hearing her answer some Questions propounded to her five years ago.

Her Father saith, that since she was five years old, he remembered not that either a Lie, or an Oath, hath ever come out of her mouth; neither would she have wronged any to the value of a Pin.

Henry Jessey

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*Here ends the first Part.*

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Here

Here follows now some of the Fruits  
 of Mr. *Abraham Chear*'s spare hours  
 improvement, whilst a Prisoner :  
 Made and directed to some he was  
 nearly related to, and dearly af-  
 fected.

---

*Remember now thy Creator in the dayes  
 of thy Youth.*

1.

Sweet Children, Wisdom you invites,  
 to hearken to her Voice ;  
 She offers to you rare delights,  
 most worthy of your choice.  
 Eternal blessings in his wayes,  
 you shall be sure to find ;  
 Oh ! therefore in your youthful dayes,  
 your great Creator mind.

2.

The joys that other pleasure brings,  
 with vanities abound :  
 Nay, when in straits they take them wings,  
 Vexations they are found.

Your

Your very Vitals thus decayes,  
and torments leave behind :  
Oh ! therefore in your youthful days,  
your Great Creator mind.

3.

They may affect depraved sense  
while they subject your Reason ;  
They say, to conscience, Get you hence,  
and sear it for a season.  
But though a kind of sottish ease,  
you hereby seem to find.  
I beg you in your youthful dayes,  
your Great Creator mind.

4.

The dreadful danger heed I pray,  
of such strange wayes at length ;  
When you have fin'd your time away,  
and wasted all your strength ;  
Be sure in chains of darkness, these  
your hands and feet will bind :  
Oh ! therefore in your youthful days,  
your Great Creator mind.

5.

Observe how Poor and mortal men,  
their precious seasons spend,  
To satisfy those lusts, but then  
must perish in the end.  
This saving-Counsel, would you please  
upon your heart to bind :  
Oh ! in your early youthful days,  
your Great Creator mind.

6.

Upon a World, vain, toylsome, foul,  
a journey now you enter :  
The welfare of your living soul,  
you dang'rously adventure,  
If as the issue of your wayes,  
you've happiness design'd :  
Oh ! in your early youthful days

Friends, Parents, all who you affect;  
 observe your budding spring;  
 Your prosperous Summer they expect  
 a fruitful Crop will bring:  
 A witness in this Age to raise,  
 to Grace of every kind:  
 Oh! then in these your youthful dayes,  
 your Great Creator mind.

8.

Young *Isaac's*, who lift up their eyes,  
 and meditate in Fields;  
 Young *Jacob's* who the Blessing prize,  
 this Age but seldom yields.  
 Few *Samuel's* leaving their playes,  
 to Temple Work resign'd:  
 Few do, as these, in youthful dayes,  
 their great Creator mind.

9.

How precious *Obadiab's* be,  
 that feared God in youth;  
 How seldom *Timothy's* we see,  
 vers'd in the Word of Truth!  
 Few babes and Sucklings publish praise,  
 th' Avengers Rage to bind.  
 Oh! then in these your youthful dayes,  
 your Great Creator mind.

10.

Few tender-hearted Youths, as was  
*Josiah, Judah's* King,  
*Josannab* in the high't (alas)  
 how seldom Children Sing?  
 Youth's rarely ask for *Zion's* wayes,  
 they'd rather pleasure find:  
 But oh! in these your youthful dayes,  
 your Great Creator mind.

11.

What Children Pulse and Water chuse,  
 continually to eat;

C

Rather

Rather then Conscience should accuse,  
for tasting Royal Meat?

Would you not bow, a King to please,  
though tortures were behind?

Oh! then in these your youthful dayes,  
your Great Creator mind.

12.

Those worthy Mirrors of their Age,  
obtain'd a precious Name;

Their living Pattern should engage  
your souls to do the same.

And though in this strait narrow way,  
you few Companions find;

The rather in your youthful day,  
your Great Creator mind.

13.

How worthy Christ is, could you learn,  
to claim your Flower and Prime;

And how well pleasing 'tis, discern  
to dedicate your time:

You pleasantly would make essayes,  
to get your Souls enclin'd,

And gladly in your youthful dayes,  
your Great Creator mind.

14.

This Garland wreath'd of youthful flowers  
to Jesus you would bring:

This Morn made up of golden Hours,  
You would present the King.

You'd humbly bow without delays,  
Grace in his sight to find;

And gladly now, and all your dayes,  
your Great Creator mind.

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*More of Mr. Chear's Verses,*

*Written to a young Virgin, Anno 1663.*

Sweet Child, When I bethink what need there is of  
For precious souls to save themselves from snare;



What Satan, as a subtiler Fowler, layes  
 To take and keep them captive all their dayes  
 In youthful folly, and in sensual rest,  
 To keep them off from being truly blest :  
 What strange devices he hath to expel  
 Their thoughts of Judg<sup>mt</sup>, Death, of Heaven, or Hell;  
 And minding what engagements on me lie,  
 To you and others, Christ to testifie :  
 This Song, I thought, you now and then might sing  
 If God would follow it, to mind to bring  
 Your state by Nature, and the Gospel-Path,  
 To set you free from everlasting Wrath.  
 If morn by morn you in this Glass will dress you,  
 I have some hopes that God by it may bless you.

**W**hen by Spectators I am told,  
 what Beauty doth adorn me :  
 Or in a Glass, when I behold,  
 how sweetly God did form me.  
 Hath God such comeliness display'd  
 and on me made to dwell ?  
 'Tis pitty, such a pretty Maid,  
 as I, should go to Hell.

2.

When all my Members I compare,  
 form'd by my Maker's hand ;  
 In what sweet order, strait and fair,  
 each part together stand :  
 How in the use of these might I,  
 in Virtue's Walks excell.  
 'Tis pitty, when I come to die  
 all these should go to Hell.

3.

Doth God my Ornaments provide  
 of soft and good array ;  
 The which this Age converts to pride,  
 I am as vain as they.  
 But when the thoughts of Pride intice,  
 such temptings I should quell ;

By serious heeding this advice,  
I must take heed of Hell.

4.

If Parents industry and care,  
should by the Lord be blest,  
That they large Portions could prepare,  
for me and all the rest:

Though many Suitors this invites,  
my Fortunes might excell:  
What would become of these delights,  
if I should go to Hell?

5.

Should Wisdom, Breeding, Parts conspire,  
my spreading fame to raise:  
Should Courtly Ladies me admire,  
and my perfections praise.

Though for Endowments, rare and high,  
from all I bear the Bell:  
What would these toys avail, if I  
at length be lodg'd in Hell?

6.

If to seek Pleasures, Pastimes, Sports,  
My fancy should be bent;  
Which City, Countrey, Town, or Court,  
to please me can invent:

Though thus to satisfy my lust,  
with greediness I fell;

By weeping-Cross, return I must  
or else go quick to Hell.

7.

Doth Beauty such corruption hide?  
is comeliness a bait?

Do costly Garments nourish pride?  
hath Treasure such deceit?

Do compliments breed vanity?  
doth pleasure Grace expel?

How little reason then have I  
for these to go to Hell?

Tis

'Tis time I should without delays,  
 my future state bethink;  
 through God's forbearance, at my days  
 of ignorance did wink.  
 repentance he doth now expect,  
 and learning to do well;  
 or plainly he doth this detect;  
 this broad way leads to Hell.

9.

To chuse the new and living way,  
 the Gospel doth beseech me;  
 The heart of Jesus, day by day,  
 is open'd to enrich me.  
 The tenders of New-Cov'nant Grace,  
 would sin and guilt expel;  
 The promis'd Spirit would me place,  
 safe from the lowest Hell.

10.

Would Christ my Spirit lead along,  
 these tenders to embrace,  
 should have matter for a Song,  
 to praise his Glorious Grace.  
 How first of goodness I was seiz'd  
 from what a state I fell;  
 To what a glory God hath rais'd,  
 a Fire-brand pluckt from Hell!

---

To my Cousin T. H. at School.

**K**ind Kinsman! Compliments apart,  
 Yet love exprest, with all my heart;  
 While I betrough't what way was best,  
 To gratifie a strong request;  
 And how to reach the proper end,  
 That was assign'd me by a Friend;  
 That I would write a serious Line,  
 Your tender Spirit to incline,  
 If possibly, from wanton things,  
 Which do carry poisoned stings,

*And kindly to attract your eye,  
 From vanity to things on high :  
 My thoughts to Meetre were inclin'd,  
 As thinking on a Scholars mind,  
 It might at first with fanſie take,  
 And after deep impreſſions make :  
 Which ( Oh ! ) if God would but inſpire,  
 Convince of folly, raiſe deſire ;  
 Discover Beauty, kindle Love,  
 Fix your delight on things above ;  
 Theſe weak endeavours then may ſtand,  
 As Chriſt's remembrancers at hand.  
 To warn you, Folly to avoid,  
 Which bath ſuck multitudes deſtroi'd ;  
 And thence your nobler part incline,  
 To Meditations more Divine ;  
 Which have a faculty to raiſe,  
 Immortal Souls to frames of praiſe.  
 By means of which, when you obtain,  
 Your ſpirit in a ſerious Strain  
 When vanity bath leaſt reſpect,  
 And thoughts are fitteſt to reſlect ;  
 Then from your Treafure you may bring  
 This brief Soliloquie, and Sing,*

**C**ome Soul ! let you and I  
 A few diſcourſes have :  
 Shall we bethink, how near the brink  
 We border of the Grave ?  
 Shall we ſurveigh our time,  
 How vainly it is ſpent ;  
 How youthful dayes conſume in wayes,  
 Which Age muſt needs repent ?  
 The things which others pleaſe ;  
 What profit do they merit ?  
 What are the Toyes, of wanton Boyes,  
 To an immortal Spirit ?  
 How will our Reckoning paſs,  
 Of Paſtime, Pleaſure, Play,

When

When every thought and Deed is brought,  
 Unto the Judgment Day ?  
 Would not our time and strength,  
 Be better far imploy'd,  
 If every thought, were thus wrought,  
 How Christ may be enjoy'd ?  
 Should not a young man's way,  
 Be ordered by the word ?  
 Should not his mind, be still inclin'd,  
 To know and fear the Lord ?  
 If we behold our Frame,  
 Our Parts and Powers compare ;  
 Sure, God intends some glorious ends,  
 To form a piece so rare.

### A Letter sent to a Friend's Child.

*Sweet Child, I pray you, think not long,  
 Ere I have sent my Prison-Song ;  
 To turn, after a godly sort,  
 Your tongue, and thoughts, from sinful sport.  
 May let it frequently be brought,  
 With holy fear upon your thought ;  
 And when indeed your Soul is bent  
 On things that are most permanent.  
 Then least to foolish mirth inclin'd,  
 Then from the treasure of your mind,  
 This serious Song, you forth may bring,  
 With Gospel-Melody, and sing,*

Ord what a Worm am I ?  
 What could'st thou her espie ?  
 That ever thou, should'st humbly bow,  
 On me to cast an eye ?  
 What kind of love is this ?  
 What reason can it have ?  
 Shall God through Grace, himself abase,  
 So vile a Wretch to save ;



How strangely was I made?

How curiously adorn'd?

I was at first, an heap of dust,  
Which sin hath quite deform'd.

My Matter, Earth and Clay,  
Form'd by a Power Divine:

Sure, God would hide, all cause of pride,  
From every thought of mine.

My Childish thoughts would cease,  
On vanity to stay,

Could I bethink, I'm on the brink  
Of danger day by day.

Temptations lead to sin;  
Sin doth of good bereave me:

Cloathes, Beauty, Strength, and Life at Length  
Are all at hand to leave me.

Why then should gay attire,  
Yield so much food to pride?

What glory's in a beauteous skin,  
That so much filth doth hide?

Why should the fond delights  
Of Parents puff me up?

Such boundless love, doth often prove,  
To both a bitter Cup.

Why should the highest joys  
Of Sin Subject my reason?

The sinful Sports of Princes Courts,  
Last only for a season.

Lord, let my Soul be rais'd,  
And all its powers incline,  
On Eagles Wings, to follow things,  
that are indeed Divine.

Those depths that from the wise  
Thou pleasest to conceal;  
Myſterious things, obscur'd from Kings,  
To me a Babe reveal.

That

That from an Infants Mouth,  
 A Sucklings Lips inspir'd;  
 thy glorious Name, may purchase fame,  
 And Christ be more admir'd.

Let me thy Beauty see,  
 Thy Countenance behold;  
 thy Rayes of Grace, fixt in my face;  
 More rich than Massy Gold.

Let Royal Robes of Praise,  
 And Righteousness adorn me,  
 which may me bring, before the King,  
 However Mortals scorn me.

Let Treasure of thy Grace,  
 A Portion rich endow me;  
 lasting Bags, though here in Rags,  
 Men scarce a bit allow me.

If Comeliness I want,  
 Thy Beauty may I have;  
 shall be fair, beyond compare,  
 Though cripled to my Grave.

And if above it all,  
 To Christ I married be;  
 thy living Springs, Oh King of Kings,  
 Will still run fresh in thee.

*Upon a Bible sent as a Token to a Virgin, where-  
 in the Worth of the holy Scripture is minded.*

While I was musing what was best,  
 unto your hands to send;  
 that of your Souls eternal rest,  
 my care I might commend:  
 the Holy Scriptures I bethought,  
 oft tending to your heart,  
 that your affections might be brought,  
 to chuse the better part.

There

There you may read what guilt of sin  
 into the World you brought ;  
 And since that filthiness hath bin,  
 in Word, in Deed, in Thought :  
 How God's long-suffering, sins have prest,  
 as Sheaves do press a Cart ;  
 And nothing else can make you blest,  
 but *Mary's* better part.

That God hath holy jealous eyes,  
 the Scriptures do unfold ;  
 By which heart-secrets he espies,  
 yet cannot sin behold.  
 Through shades of Death, and darkeſt night,  
 theſe piercing Beams do dart ;  
 He looks on nothing with delight,  
 but on that better part.

With flaming fire you alſo read,  
 a Judgment Day deſign'd,  
 Where every idle Thought and Deed,  
 muſt righteous Sentence find.  
 There Kings ſtand naked, Death hath hurl'd  
 their Robes and Crowns apart ;  
 Then, but too late, they'll give the World  
 for *Mary's* better Part.

Then to have Jeſus Chriſt ones own,  
 will be admired Grace ;  
 To ſtand with boldneſs at the Throne,  
 and ſee the Father's Face.  
 To ſit on Thrones, when Chriſt ſhall ſay,  
 Ye wicked ones depart.  
 But come ye bleſſed in my day,  
 ye choſe the better part.

The tenders of his Grace ſo rich,  
 here Jeſus doth diſplay,  
 He ſcarlet-ſinners doth beſeech,  
 his Goſpel to obey :

To let sin fettered Captives free,  
and heal the broken heart ;  
He begs them on the bended knee,  
to chuse the better part.

Deep Myst'ries of eternal Love,  
hid from the Saints of old ;  
To Babes and Sucklings from Above,  
these Scriptures do unfold :  
Not in the words of frothy Wits,  
or humane terms of Art ;  
But such simplicity as fits,  
the Spirit's better part.

The glory of the Father's Face,  
the burning Law declares :  
The beauty of Christ's precious Grace,  
the Gospel here prepares.  
Both Grace and Glory here unite,  
to heal sins deadly smart,  
The Spirit, and the Bride invite,  
to chuse this better part.

The blessed Truths display'd herein,  
all your dear pleasures make ;  
Its sharp rebukes of every sin,  
as healing Balsam take.  
For though conviction to the flesh,  
so bitter seem, and tart,  
Yet is their issue to refresh  
and heal the better part.

Oh ! then upon this Word of Truth  
place high and great esteem :  
This point of Wisdom learn in youth,  
your precious time redeem.  
To know Christ's from a stranger's Voice,  
account the highest Art ;  
Your richest Treasure is your choice  
of *Mary's* better part.

*A Poetical Meditation, wherein the Usefulness  
Excellency, and several perfections of the  
ly Scriptures are briefly hinted : performed  
by J. C. but turn'd into more familiar verse  
for the use of Children, by Abr. Chear.*

**A**mong thy glorious Gifts,  
Lord, thou thy Word hast given,  
Precious and pure, sweet, holy, sure,  
To guide me hence to Heaven.

Here I abound with straits,  
Wants and necessities,  
There I have store, heap't running o're,  
With plenteous rich supplies.

Temptations here abound,  
With terrors, dangers, fears,  
These petty Hells thy Word expels,  
and all my passage clears

When Satan fiercely shoots,  
His fiery darts at me ;  
Then, Lord, thy Word is Shield and Sword,  
Me saves, and makes them flee.

The present World commends  
Its Objects fresh and fair ;  
But yet thy Word doth that afford  
Which proves more precious Ware.

When fleshly lusts intice  
To their alluring pleasure ;  
Torare delights thy Word invites,  
More choice in weight and measure.

The Errors of the Times,  
Their cheating Wares display ;  
But Scripture sayes, shun Errors wayes,  
My Rule shall guide your way.

When by the Tempter's Wiles,  
I tempted am to sin;  
By thy Word's Art, hid in my heart,  
Both Field and Prize I win.

Nay, though I foiled be,  
And sin defile my Soul,  
Thy Word can cleanse these noisom Dens,  
And sins best strength controul.

An unbelieving heart,  
Do I till now inherit:  
Thy Word hath pow'r to work Faith,  
By thy most Holy Spirit.

If this be my Disease,  
An hard and stony heart;  
Thy Word thus deals, first kills, then heals,  
And cures me by this smart.

Will not my frozen heart  
With Gospel Grace comply;  
Thy Royal Law, this heart can thaw,  
And cause a weeping eye.

Both lofty towring thoughts  
Puff up my tempted Breast;  
Thy Word brings low, the proudest Foe,  
Less makes me than the least.

No muttering thoughts, arise,  
Grudge, murmur, or repine;  
Thy Rod and Word, teach patience, Lord,  
And still these thoughts of mine.

Am I tongue-ty'd in Prayer,  
And know not what to say,  
Thy Word inspires, praying desires,  
Tell's how and what to pray.

When like a lost Sheep I  
In darkness err and stray;



Thy Word's a light, most clear and bright,  
And guides me in my way.

    A simple fool I be,  
    And destitute of eyes ;

Thy Word's a Rule, Master and School,  
To make its Scholars wise.

I see my self undone,  
Distressed, naked, poor,  
Thy Words infold a Mine of Gold,  
Rich Pearls, and precious store.

By sinful Nature I  
And God are still at odds,  
Thy Word my Soul converteth whole,  
From Satan's Will to God's.

Do Troubles from without,  
And floods of inward Grief,  
My Soul torment ? Thy Word is lent  
With Joy and Soul-relief.

Or, is my Soul perplext  
With reasonings, doubts, and fears ?  
Thy Word of Grace resolves the Case,  
My cloudy Judgment clears.

Or, no despairing thoughts  
My tempted Soul o'ertake ?  
Thy Word doth give me hopes to live,  
For Christ my Saviour's sake.

When Floods and Multitude  
Of troubl'd Thoughts me press,  
I call to mind thy Word, and find  
It does my Soul refresh.

Tho' in this Vale of Tears  
I thirst, faint, hunger, pine,  
Thy Word me feeds in these my Needs,  
It's Bread, and Milk, and Wine.

Or, am I weakned out,  
And cannot walk alone?  
Thy Word then is strength to my knees,  
And Staff to lean upon.

And though in scorn and pain,  
Forsook, and poor I be,  
Thy Word alone, hath all in one,  
Health, Wealth, Friends all to me.

Thus though my pained Soul  
Be sick, and wounded sore,  
With grievous sin, which doth begin,  
To fester more and more.

Thy Word directs me where,  
My healing may be had,  
And doth me guide, to Christ's pierc'd side,  
For Balm of *Gilead*.

Nay, though no life at all,  
Nor quickning there remain;  
Thy Word is good, and living Food,  
Which fetcheth life again.

And if I would desire,  
A Life that lasts for ever,  
The Scripture shows, whence water flows,  
To drink and perish never.

Blest be the Lord my God,  
Who evermore provides,  
and filleth full, my empty Soul,  
With Food that still abides.

My Soul! O bless the Lord,  
Who bounteously hath given,  
Strength, light, guide, way, lest thou stray;  
In this thy way to Heaven.

This Holy Book of God,  
These Sentences, these Lines;  
Each Word and Letter, to me are better  
Than Pearls and golden Mines.

'Tis Heaven it self transcrib'd,  
 And Glory lively pen'd ;  
 God's Truth, no doubt, was copied out,  
 When he his Gift did send  
 It's Truth brought forth to light ;  
 God did hereby intend,  
 Man's word should fall, Heaven, Earth, and all,  
 But this should never end,  
 Dear Soul, admiring stand,  
 At that blest Hand and Quill ;  
 That did produce, for sinners use,  
 Th' eternal Sovereign Will.  
 Astonished admire,  
 The Author too ; and when,  
 Thou canst not raise, sufficient praise,  
 With wondering say *Amen*.

---

### To my Cousin *John H.*

**S**weet *John*, I send you here,  
 A Song by heart to learn ;  
 Not it to say, as Parrets may,  
 But wisely to discern.  
 Oh ! lay it deep to heart,  
 And mind it well I pray,  
 God grant you Grace, to grow a pace,  
 In virtue day by day.  
 As yet a Child you be,  
 And childish Toyes do please you ;  
 But you'l complain, they all are vain,  
 When ever Grace shall seize you.  
 Nay when convictions come,  
 In Gospel Power, and Truth ;  
 You'l surely cry, Ah wretch am I,  
 Thus to have spent my youth !

Childhood and Youth were spent,  
 In things not to be nam'd:  
 Alas! what praise was in those dayes,  
 Whereof I'm now asham'd.

Dear *John*, then lay to heart,  
 This needful timely hint,  
 Before the day, of which you't say,  
 What pleasure have I in't?

Begin to mind the Lord,  
 Who form'd you out of dust;  
 And did you raise, to shew his praise;  
 Him love and fear you must.

In things that are of Earth,  
 Spend not your youthful strength;  
 Its joys and cares, are all but snares,  
 To mischief you at length.

Where Christ in glory sits,  
 Place there your prime delight;  
 Let things above have all your love,  
 Your time, care, mind, and might.

*John* Christ's fore-runner mind,  
 From whom you have your name  
 Though from his birth, liv'd mean on earth,  
 A shining Light became.

He chose a Desert life,  
 Fed hard, was coorse attir'd,  
 He left the sport, of *Herod's* Court,  
 Though he was there admir'd.

Sin he reprov'd in all,  
 And kept true witness clear:  
 He never sought, himself in ought,  
 That Christ might more appear.

Another *John* you find,  
 The lov'd Disciple nam'd;  
 Who lean'd for rest on *Jesus* brest,  
 With Gospel-love inflam'd.

To every Truth of Christ,  
 A witness bold he bare;  
 Though an Exile, in *Patmos-Isle*,  
 Choice Visions he had there.  
 A Pattern if they be,  
 To you in word and deed,  
*Jehovah's* eye, will make supply,  
 To whatsoe'er you need.

---

### To my Cousin *Sam. B.*

**D**ear Cousin *Sam.* my pretty Lamb,  
 this Song to you I send;  
 What-ever play, aside you lay,  
 learn this from end to end.  
 With God begin, take heed of sin,  
 know Jesus out of hand.  
 Betimes you must, flee youthful lust,  
 its first assaults withstand.  
 Spend not your dayes, in wanton playes,  
 though naughty Boys intice:  
 They first begin, with little sin,  
 but end in deadly vice.  
 If naughty Boys, allure with Toys,  
 to sin, or lies to tell;  
 Then tell them plain, you tempt in vain,  
 such wayes go down to Hell.  
 God's holy Eye, our faults do spy,  
 and will to Judgment call us,  
 We must fear God, more than the Rod,  
 or ought that can befall us.  
 How oft have I, been like to die?  
 yea Death is alwayes near:  
 Chuse whom you will, to follow still,  
 Christ must love and fear;

Fathers best Boy, and Mothers joy,  
 I then shall surely be;  
 And that that's best of all the rest,  
 God will provide for me.

---

## To my Cousin *W. L.*

**D**ear Child, although my Father's Will  
 in Prison me hath bound;  
 Through uprightnes, and patience still,  
 my comforts here are found.  
 The presence of a gracious God,  
 doth this a Palace make;  
 It makes the bitter of the Rod,  
 be sweet for Jesus sake.  
 But oh! when guilt brings any here  
 in Fetters to be bound;  
 Because of God they had no fear,  
 but were in evil found:  
 To such it is a dreadful place,  
 here guilt to judgment binds them;  
 Where if they don't repent apace,  
 Death, Wrath, and Vengeance finds them.  
 Of you, dear Child, with carefulness,  
 my heart hath many a thought;  
 Lest you through youthful wantonness,  
 to greater sins be brought:  
 And so by adding sin to sin,  
 you waste your time and strength;  
 And when your judgment doth begin,  
 in vain you mourn at length.  
 charge you then, in any sort,  
 your Great Creator mind;



Spend not your youthful dayes in sport,  
that cannot be regain'd.

Avoid those rude and wicked Boys,  
that make a mock of sin ;

Love not their playes, and sinful Toys,  
to fear the Lord begin.

Keep close to School, read Scriptures oft,  
in private learn to pray.

Your Gospel-grounds keep still in thought,  
Your Parents both obey.

Your Brethren love, and teach them good,  
a Christian learn to be ;

Then God will give you clothes and food.  
and you'l be dear to me.

*To my Kinsman A. L.*

**M**Y pretty Child, remember well,  
you must your wayes amend ;

For wicked Children go to Hell,  
that way their courses tend,

But heark to me, if you to be  
the Child of God desire ;

The broad and open road must flee,  
which multitudes admire.

Strive every day to mend your way,  
learn Christ while you are young ;

Take constant heed, to every deed,  
to hearr, feet, hands and tongue.

You may be quickly sick, and die,  
and put into the Grave ;

From whence to Judgment you must fly,  
and righteous Sentence have.

Learn then to fear, while you live here,  
with Christ your time imploy,

Labour to live and die as one,  
 that leaves the World with joy.  
 My strength in cries I shall imploy,  
 that God will bless your youth ;  
 I can have nothing like this joy,  
 My Children walk in truth.

---

*To my youngest Kinsman R. L.*

**M**Y little Cousin, if you'l be  
 your Uncles dearest Boy,  
 You must take heed of every deed,  
 that would your Soul destroy.  
 You must not curse, nor fight, nor swear,  
 nor spend your time in games,  
 Nor make a lie, what'er you ail,  
 nor call ungodly names.  
 With wicked Children do not play,  
 for such to Hell will go ;  
 The Devils Children sin all day,  
 but you must not do so.  
 Begin, I pray, to learn that way,  
 that doth to Heaven tend :  
 O learn a little, day by day,  
 which leadeth to that end.  
 For God and good men love such Boyes,  
 and will them good things give ;  
 Father and Mother will rejoyce,  
 and I in comfort live.

*Another*

*Another to a Child, ~~Dis~~isting on*  
 Psal. 119. 9.

**S**ince I am naturally bent,  
 to take delight in Songs;  
 A Friend from Prison one hath sent,  
 that to my Soul belongs:  
 Which when I sing, he doth intreat,  
 I would not mind my play,  
 But frequently with weight repeat,  
 How may I cleanse my way?

It is the use of such as I,  
 to Dance; and Play, and sing;  
 Or else to lie, and rail, and cry,  
 for will in every thing.  
 Why should our wantonness be crost,  
 or pleasures night and day?  
 We fear no danger to be lost;  
 what need we cleanse our way?

Should we our jovial Play-mates shun,  
 when we return from Schools;  
 Should we not fight, and climb, and run,  
 we should be counted fools,  
 If in the Hedges, Streets, and Fields,  
 our sports you take away;  
 What good will food and rayment yield;  
 why should we change our way?

When up to Youth and Strength we grow,  
 'tis brave to have our wills;  
 To heed no check whate're we do,  
 of lust to take our fills:  
 To fight, drink, game, to swear and curse,  
 to lie out night and day;

To spend and whore, grow worse and worse,  
What youth will cleanse his way?

'Tis true, the Holy Scriptures teach,  
our Catechisms tell;

Some Ministers we hear do preach,  
Youths must take heed of Hell.

Our Parents at our wildness grieve,  
exhort, reprove and pray;

But after all, we scarce believe,  
we need to cleanse our way.

We see some that were thought the best,  
their high profession leaving;

And greedily, as do the rest,  
to earth and Pleasure cleaving,

No check of Conscience doth appear,  
in what they do or say;

This greatly hardens us from fear,  
or thoughts to cleanse our way.

With Cart-ropes to draw youthful lust,  
this day all help affords;

It 'tis a sport, Christ's bonds to burst,  
and cast away his Cords,

If one from wickedness dissent,  
he makes himself a prey;

This yeelds but small encouragement,  
for youth to cleanse his way.

As the young As that snuffs the wind,  
Youth loves to have its swinge;

But hates attempts, its lust to bind,  
or liberty infringe.

Yet there's a month, in which the Lord,  
our full career can stay.

And can, according to his Word,  
turn, change, and cleanse our way.

No less than an Almighty Power,  
such torrents can withstand,

The influences of this hour,  
 tempt with so high a hand,  
 Amongst a thousand, scarce one Lad,  
 ( with weepings we may say )  
 Of whom assurance may be had,  
 he strives to cleanse his way.

Oh ! with what grief upon their wayes,  
 should Parents then reflect ;  
 Whose fawning in our infant dayes,  
 doth Word and Rod neglect ;  
 Till our incorrigible years,  
 are apt by deeds to say,  
 Although ye break your heart with tears,  
 we will not cleanse our way.

Were our Salvation their design,  
 our Souls their highest care ;  
 They would be careful to decline,  
 all steps that might ensnare,  
 What holy walks, before our sight,  
 as Patterns should they lay ;  
 Which might endear us with delight,  
 betimes to cleanse our way ?

Above deep learning, breeding, wit,  
 they for us Grace would prize,  
 Rich Trades, or Stocks, compar'd with it,  
 were dung before their eyes.  
 The greatest Matches they could find,  
 with heaps of yellow Clay ;  
 Were no preferment to their mind,  
 like to a cleansed way.

*To a Virgin inclining to enquire after the Lord.*

*A Soliloquie.*

Come pray thee, Precious Soul of mine,  
 let's seriously retire ;

And

And under eye and aid Divine,  
God's Oracles enquire.

Call in those thoughts that range about,  
with awfulness incline,

To get this question out of doubt,  
*Is Jesus truly mine?*

It's high time now to fix our thought,

O let time past suffice,  
That we the lusts of flesh have wrought,  
in youthful vanities.

What profit in those wayes is found,  
which down to Hell decline;

What real pleasure can redound,  
if Christ be none of mine?

'Tis true, a Maid can scarce forget,  
her ornamental tire;

The Virgins her at nought will set,  
whose eye is fixed higher.

But should I my bright morning walk,  
to make me trim and fine;

I will be but bitterness at last,  
if Christ be none of mine.

With *Dinah* should I gad to see,  
the Daughters of the Land;

My intimates, if such should be,  
who Christ don't understand:

My complements, and gate might I,  
as is the mode, refine;

But wretched should I live and die,  
if Christ be none of mine.

Or if through deep convictions I  
my vain Companions leave;

And to the Saints, for company,  
in dear affections cleave.

Though they as Angels speak to me,  
sweet words as spiced Wine:

Of what advantage could it be,  
if Christ be none of mine?



Of his inestimable worth,  
 if I by Saints am told ;  
 Or how the Gospel sets him forth,  
 transcending heaps of Gold :  
 Though one among a thousand he,  
 in full perfection shine ;  
 What will this Glory be to me,  
 if Christ be none of mine ?

If by reforming I essay,  
 self-righteousness should stand ;  
 I may conjure I obey,  
 the Law's exact command.  
 Nay, to the Gospel's outward call,  
 my steps I may refine ;  
 Yet short of glory I shall fall,  
 If Christ be none of mine.

How Satan acts an Angel's part,  
 I cannot well discern ;  
 The windings of a treacherous heart,  
 I cannot quickly learn :  
 How close hypocrisie in all,  
 may hide it's deep design ;  
 The stateliest Structure then must fall,  
 if Christ be none of mine.

*Of a Child somewhat indulged by reason  
 Sickliness.*

**I**F any would my Age be told,  
 this answer they may have ;  
 A weakly Child of ten years old,  
 oft very near the Grave.  
 My Life's a wonder to my Friends,  
 continued to this day ;  
 And doubtless is for higher ends,  
 then eat, and drink and play.

To those things Childhood is inclin'd,  
 yea, to great evils bending;  
 And little doth it heed or mind,  
 to what such wayes are tending.  
 If Parents give us our contents,  
 and take delight to please us;  
 We little lay to heart events,  
 though dreadful Plagues should seize us.  
 Some Parent in this sinful Age,  
 will no wayes cross our course;  
 Whilst other's filthy rayling rage,  
 to desp'rate wayes enforce.  
 But did the love and fear of God,  
 In Parents hearts bear sway,  
 And were the doctrine of the Rod  
 their study day by day.  
 Were their and our iniquities,  
 more deeply laid to heart;  
 Did love to our immortal Souls,  
 of fondness get the start,  
 They'd learn, with gravity, to smile,  
 and tenderneſs to smite;  
 Correct and pittie all the while,  
 rebuke, and yet delight.  
 Chastisements would with teaching meet,  
 reproofs be sharp, yet mild;  
 God's admonition would be sweet,  
 and wholesome to the Child.  
 We should grow flexible and kind,  
 great guilt it would prevent;  
 His early, with a willing mind,  
 would lead us to repent.  
 would seem bitter to the flesh,  
 to travel thus again;  
 Ah! the forming Christ afresh,  
 will pay for all this pain.

**A Dialogue betwixt the Love of Christ and the lusts of the Flesh ; written by the said Abr. Chead, setting forth the deceitful nature of sin, in its alluring the Soul from goodness, to its ruine and destruction ; and the powerful influence of Christ's love, engaging to an early imbracing his invitations to a well grounded hope of everlasting Glory.**

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### Its Prologue.

**Respected Friend,**

*I am oblig'd to tell you what's a doing ;  
 There are at hand to you design'd for wooing,  
 Two fair-spoke Suitors, both look fair and fresh,  
 The love of Jesus, and the lust of Flesh.  
 They are Co-rivals, each Proposals brings,  
 As if the Heirs apparent of some Kings,  
 Had terms to tender to engage your favour,  
 Of such vast Interests their offers savour.  
 Hear now, and well observe a stander-by,  
 Who long hath known how their concerns do lie,  
 And who by dear experience hath been taught,  
 To what result such suits are oft brought :  
 If from his great desire you be blest,  
 And in your choice reach everlasting rest.  
 He offers dear-bought light to guide your mind  
 That to the better part it be inclin'd ;  
 He shews a little, in a home-spun stile,  
 The one's simplicity, the other's Guile.  
 What Stocks they came of, and their old descents ;  
 Their various treasures, and their plain intents,*

What are their qualities, their differing ends;  
 To what plain issue each proposal tends.  
 Their sundry overtures your love to gain,  
 In way of Dialogue betwixt them twain.

*The Love of Christ.*

Sweet Virgin stop, let Wisdom drop,  
 A word becoming Kings:  
 Pray be enclin'd, to bend your mind,  
 unto Cœlestial things.  
 I beg your love, for things Above;  
 nay, all your Powers I claim:  
 I would adorn, your youthful morn,  
 and crown your early aim.

*The Lust of the Flesh.*

Shoul I any thought to mind be brought,  
 that interrupts your quiet:  
 Shall Virgins weep, disturb their sleep,  
 desert their needful diet?  
 Tush, drink in Plate, and recreate  
 your lively youthful Spirit,  
 Seek Courtly things, delight in Kings,  
 which may proclaim your merit.

*The Love of Christ.*

While Flesh pretends, these pleasing ends;  
 its dire intents it hides;  
 But pray awake, for Jesus sake,  
 while day of Grace abides.  
 Flesh lulls its Guests, between its Breasts,  
 convictions to expel;  
 But deadly charms, are in its arms;  
 its Guests are lodg'd in Hell.

*The Lust of the Flesh.*

What strange conceits, what silly cheats,  
 would drive thy joys away?  
 These Preachers tell, but dreams of Hell,  
 and of the Judgment-day.

'Twill ne'r do well, till mirth expels;  
 such sullen dumps as these;  
 The Timbrel bring, come dance and sing;  
 eat, drink, and take thine ease.

*The Love of Christ*

The childish toys, may make a noise,  
 to please the carnal heart;  
 But all the while, they but beguile,  
 may wound the better part,  
 One glimpse of love, seal'd from above,  
 these highest joys transcends;  
 From deeps 'twill raise, to heights of praise,  
 when that in torment ends.

*The Lust of the Flesh.*

Shall wordy winds, on gallant minds,  
 such deep impressions make;  
 That for a sound, of things unsound,  
 they joys in Hand forsake?  
 This day invites, to rare delights,  
 all Ladies who design,  
 To've fortunes rais'd, and beauties prais'd,  
 embrace these Paths of mine.

*The Love of Christ.*

Alas at length, you'll lose your strength,  
 mirth, beauty, sport, and pleasure;  
 And when too late, lament your state,  
 your mispent time and treasure.  
 They'll take them wings, and leave you stings,  
 with venom, guilt, and smart;  
 Then while 'tis day, I humbly pray,  
 chuse *Mary's* better part.

*The Lust of the Flesh.*

Are such things fit, that clogs your wit,  
 which now to heights aspire?  
 Such doatings leave, till age bereave,  
 of moisture, warm desires.

your budding Spring, prompts you to sing,  
 your warbling Princely strain;  
 your Courtly Modes, with amorous odes,  
 your Gallants entertain.

*The Love of Christ.*

such frothy freaks, aloud bespeaks,  
 how slightly youths esteem  
 their nobler parts their precious hearts,  
 which Earth cannot redeem.  
 how hardly brought, to turn a thought,  
 from Objects thus deprav'd;  
 though Jesus cries, Oh! fix your eyes  
 on me, and be ye sav'd.

*The Lust of the Flesh.*

such looks may grace, some wither'd face,  
 or some grave Cloystered Nun;  
 are counted blots, not beauty-spots;  
 where Fame's but now begun.  
 flush, rather prize those Comedies,  
 and rare Romances use;  
 attend resorts, to Princely sports,  
 and shades for interviews.

*The Love of Christ.*

That pitty 'tis, such trash as this,  
 with Heaven-born Souls should take;  
 while Jesus stands, with stretch'd-out hands,  
 rich overtures to make.  
 old try'd in Fire, and rich Attire,  
 do your acceptance crave;  
 Crown of Bliss, prepared is,  
 When each an end shall have.  
 the treaty stops, but here, you have a taste  
 your friend hath longing that you may be Chast  
 reserv'd a Virgin, and brought such to Christ  
 By love-constrained, not by lust incit'd.



A Description of an Elect Person, in his three-fold state, by *Nature, Grace, and Glory*; Collected by *Va. Powel*, in the close of his Catechism; translated into familiar Verse, for Childrens better remembrance, by *A. Cbear.*

### Ejaculation.

*My blessed Father, when my heart inclines,  
To sing this Song, or but to read these lines,  
Let me thy Spirits Power, or leadings find,  
To form their lively likeness on my mind,  
Work deep convictions, and an holy fear,  
To think what am I, or what once I were.  
And into fellowship, Lord let it guide me,  
Withall this Grace the Gospel doth provide me;  
That I may claim what this thy record saith,  
By sound experience, and unfeigned Faith;  
And let the hope of yonder Glory raise  
My Soul to close with those reflects of praise.*

( 1. )

*Nature.*

**B**Y *Nature*, and as out of Christ,  
born of the flesh was I;

*Grace.*

By *Grace*, and as I stand in Christ,  
I'm new born spiritually.

*Glory.*

In *Glory* I with Christ shall reign,  
and Heavenly freedom have.

*Ref.*

Lord ! what is Man, that thou shouldst daign  
so vile a Wretch to save ?

Flesh did my Members and my mind,  
 with quietness inherit.  
 But now a Warfare I do find,  
 betwixt my flesh and spirit.  
 The spirit promised, at length,  
 all glorious will make me.  
 For that his War's above my strength,  
 let not my Christ forsake me.

Nature.  
 Grace.  
 Glory.  
 Rest.

( 3. )

My sensual lusts to satisfy,  
 a flimsy War I waged.  
 But now for walking spiritually,  
 my spirit stands engaged.  
 Nay, by Christ's quickning power at last  
 transform'd I wait to be.  
 Lord! what am I that thou should'st cast,  
 a look of love on me?

Grace.  
 Nature.  
 Glory.  
 Rest.

( 4. )

To that which fleshly pleasure brings,  
 I wholly bent my mind;  
 But now unto the Spirit's things  
 I chiefly stand inclin'd.  
 At length my glorified eyes,  
 such sights as these shall see.  
 Lord! what am I that thou should'st prize,  
 so poor a Worm as me?

Nature.  
 Grace.  
 Glory.  
 Rest.

( 5. )

By sinful Nature I was dead,  
 in trespasses and sins;  
 By Gospel-grace now quickened,  
 my Soul to live begins.  
 The day approacheth, when from sin,  
 I shall be wholly free.  
 Lord! what am I that thou hast been,  
 at so great cost on me?

Nature.  
 Grace.  
 Glory.  
 Rest.

- Nature.* In sin, as in my proper place,  
I was well pleas'd to lie ;
- Grace.* But now I strive to walk by Grace,  
in all simplicity.
- Glory.* I shall presented be at last,  
as my dear Christ is pure.
- Rest.* What love is this, that Christ so chaste,  
should such a Wretch indure ?

- Nature.* Subjected to the Law of sin  
and death I once did stand,
- Grace.* Made free, I to obey begin,  
the Spirit of Life's command ;
- Glory.* A glorious triumph's yet in store,  
o're sin and death for me.
- Rest.* How should I Majesty adore,  
that I thus sav'd should be ?

- Nature.* Once God's pure Nature, Word and Law  
I hated as my Foes ;
- Grace.* Now with them I in holy awe,  
and dear affections close.
- Glory.* Desires shall into full delight,  
at length resolved be.
- Rest.* Lord ! what am I that e're my sight  
should such blest Obj<sup>ts</sup> see ?

- Nature.* Born ignorant of Heavenly things,  
I teachings did despise ;
- Grace.* All teachings which the Gospel brings,  
my Soul doth dearly prize.
- Glory.* Clear apprehensions I shall gain,  
when Faith is turn'd to sight.
- Rest.* Lord ! what was man that thou shouldst digne  
on him to place delight ;

With vilest Sons of men I chose,	<i>Nature.</i>
my chief repast to take :	
But now the strictest Saints are those,	<i>Grace.</i>
whom bosom-friends I make	
With glorious Saints and Angels I	<i>Glory.</i>
eternally to dwell.	
Lord ! raise me up to magnifie,	<i>Rest.</i>
this Grace that doth excel.	

## ( 11. )

The form of Godliness I loath'd,	<i>Nature.</i>
which Sons of God profess ;	
Now with its power compleatly cloath'd	<i>Grace.</i>
with all my heart I press.	
The price of that high Call at last,	<i>Glory.</i>
I am in hope to gain.	
Lord ! why should all this Grace be cast,	<i>Rest.</i>
upon a Wretch so vain ?	

## ( 12. )

Of Earth, an earthly Man I was,	<i>Nature.</i>
and earthly things did mind :	
But now am brought from earth, alas !	<i>Grace.</i>
yet here I stay behind.	
But shortly from the Earth I shall	<i>Glory.</i>
rais'd, and translated be.	
Admired kindness, that at all	<i>Rest.</i>
God should have thoughts on me !	

## ( 13. )

In Hell's black Region was my place,	<i>Nature.</i>
dark as the blackest night ;	
But now enlightned I through Grace,	<i>Grace.</i>
walk as a Child of Light.	
With Light which Mortals cannot see,	<i>Glory.</i>
I shortly hope to dwell :	
What marvellous Grace is this to me,	<i>Rest.</i>
sav'd from the lowest Hell !	

(14.)

- Nature.* A Babe was I in open field,  
cast out in Blood, and loath'd;  
*Grace.* Grace passing by a skirt did yield,  
I now am wash't and cloath'd.  
*Glory.* With Robes immortal yet I wait,  
in Glory to be rais'd:  
*Rest.* This love is so surpassing great,  
it cannot be display'd.

(15.)

- Nature.* A stranger from my Father's face,  
by Nature I remain'd;  
*Grace.* But to be call'd his Friend, by Grace,  
I have at length obtain'd.  
*Glory.* His fixed favourite in bliss,  
eternal I shall be.  
*Rest.* O! what transcendent love is this,  
to such a Wretch as me?

(16.)

- Nature.* At enmity with God I stood,  
a Rebel fierce and wild;  
*Grace.* By shedding of my Saviour's Blood,  
I now am reconcil'd.  
*Glory.* Then saved by his Life much more,  
I hope and wait to be.  
*Rest.* Lord, I would humbly thee adore,  
who thus hath saved me.

(17.)

- Nature.* God's Righteous Law for wickedness,  
my conscience did condemn,  
*Grace.* But now through Christ's own Righteousness  
I'm justified in him.  
*Glory.* I hope for that refreshing day,  
that will Salvation bring:  
*Rest.* Who can the faithfulness display,  
of my dear Lord and King?

Once as a guilty Soul astray,	Nature
from God I fled for fear.	
Now by the new and living Way,	Grace
with boldness I draw near,	
The day's approaching, when Above	Glory
I shall with God abide.	
Dear Soul, this thought surpassing love,	Rest
in silence do not hide.	

( 19. )

In Satan's Kingdom I lay chain'd,	Nature
a willing fetter'd slave:	
But Christ my liberty hath gain'd,	Grace
choice freedom now I have.	
Of Heavenly free Jerusalem,	Glory
I Citizen shall be.	
How can I do enough for him,	Rest
who all this did for me?	

( 20. )

From any bond to Righteousness,	Nature
I once was wholly free:	
But now made free to Righteousness,	Grace
its Servant I would be.	
In Righteousness I hope to reign,	Glory
when sin shall tempt no more.	
Let not this Grace be all in vain,	Rest
laid richly thus in store.	

( 21. )

Through guilt and wrath which once I saw,	Nature
my terrors did increase:	
But now deliver'd from the Law,	Grace
by Faith I live in peace.	
Of Faith I shall obtain the end,	Glory
in full Salvation then.	
How doth this Grace of God transcend,	Rest
the utmost thoughts of men.	



( 22. )

- Nature.* My hopes, with false foundations propt,  
oft turn'd into despair.
- Grace.* But now its Anchor safely dropt,  
doth true rejoycings rear.
- Glory.* Things hop'd-for shall be full enjoy'd,  
no work for hope in fight.
- Rest.* Oh blessedness ! to be employ'd,  
in acts of pure delight.

( 23 )

- Nature.* No right to promises had I,  
or words that tend to save ;
- Grace.* No promises I can apply,  
to all, true right I have.
- Glory.* All Heavenly Blessings promised,  
I fully shall partake.
- Rest.* Why stand I thus distinguished,  
alone for Mercies sake ?

( 24 )

- Nature.* Born from beneath, as Satan's Brat,  
Hell's Heritage did find me ;
- Grace.* But God, who me by Grace begat,  
Heir of the World assign'd me.
- Glory.* An Heir of God, joynt-Heir with Christ,  
in Heaven I shall dwell.
- Rest.* Lord ! leave me not to be intic't,  
this Heritage to sell.

( 25. )

- Nature.* My Fence departed, unto harms  
I daily was expos'd ;
- Grace.* But lodg'd in everlasting arms,  
I safely am inclos'd.
- Glory.* A Mount impregnable e're long,  
God will about me raise :
- Rest.* Oh ! put an everlasting Song,  
into my mouth, of praise,

( 26. )

By Works of my own Righteousness;  
the way to Heaven I sought,

*Nature.*

Of trusting to it more or less,

*Grace.*

I now abhor the thought.

In Righteousness, without a spot,

*Glory.*

I shall present d be.

Admired be my blessed Lot,

*Ref.*

lay'd up in Christ for me.

( 27. )

My single self, in sensual lust,

*Nature.*

as my chief end I sought :

But chiefly now contrive I must,

*Grace.*

God may have honour brought.

To give him glory still in bliss,

*Glory.*

my work will shortly be.

With joy unspeakable will this

*Ref.*

impoyment ravish me.

( 28. )

Like a lost Sheep, or Goat, or Son,

*Nature.*

distresses did surround me,

But in this De'art state undone,

*Grace.*

sweet Jesus sought and found me.

And shortly to my long'd-for home,

*Glory.*

me in his arms will bring.

Ah ! what high raised Songs become,

*Ref.*

my beauteous glorious King ?

( 29. )

Through darkness then upon my mind,

*Nature*

I nothing knew or learn'd ;

Through gracious teachings now I find

*Grace.*

deep things in part discern'd.

Through perfect Vision all things I

*Glory.*

shall know as I am known ;

His Glory to Eternity,

*Ref.*

his Praises shall be shown.

(30.)

- Nature.* Best services I then perform'd,  
a loathsome stink did make :
- Grace.* Weak services are now adorn'd  
and sweet for Jesus sake.
- Glory.* A Reward, not of Debt but Grace,  
such services shall crown.
- Rest.* 'Tis wonderful that God should place,  
on Dust such great renown.

(31.)

- Nature.* Sin did God's Image quite deface,  
and like a Beast besot me:
- Grace.* But Dignities bestow'd by Grace,  
rais'd like a Prince hath got me.
- Glory.* Yet more transform'd I wait to be,  
like Angels who excel;
- Rest.* What glorious Grace is this to me,  
a firebrand pluckt from Hell?

(32.)

- Nature.* Both Sin, and Satan, as their own,  
my Members did inherit;
- Grace.* But now this Body is the Throne,  
and Temple of the Spirit.
- Glory.* And though in vileness 'twill be sown,  
'twill Spiritually be rais'd!
- Rest.* Since God such glorious depths makes known  
how should this Grace be prais'd;

(33.)

- Nature.* God's Glory into shame I turn'd,  
and in that shame did boast;
- Grace.* Now things for which my lust then burn'd  
I blush and loath them most.
- Glory.* But far above all sin and shame,  
I shall be rais'd on high;
- Rest.* Lord, set me on a gracious frame,  
thy Name to magnific.

All dirt and mire among the pots,  
 you might my visage see,  
 But now, though mixt with waves and spots,  
 fair as the Moon I be.

My raised Glory shall at last,  
 the Suns bright Beams out-shine;  
 How could eternal love be plac't  
 on Souls so black as mine?

Within the Region once I late  
 of Death's dark dreadful Shade;  
 In Light's Dominion now of late,  
 to sit down I am made.

A Throne of glorious Life at length;  
 reserv'd in Promise lies;  
 Lord, lead thy worm from strength to strength  
 such precious Grace to prize.

For young *Joseph Brarch*.

**T**He names that Holy men of old  
 did on their Children set,  
 Some mysteries tended to unfold,  
 some teachings to beget.  
 Some works of God in ancient dayes  
 were to remembrance brought;  
 Or some instructions for their wayes,  
 was thus kept in their thought.

This way our wanton age disgusts;  
 our names have other ends;  
 The rich thus gratifie their Lusts,  
 the poor thus please their Friends.

Yet sometimes Providence is known  
 Tradition to out-reach;

That names, at unawares bestown,  
 Some Gospel-truths do preach.

(3.)

And what should hinder but I might,  
 Such lessons learn in mine?

Did Parents teach me, and the light  
 of grace upon me shine.

Of Holy Joseph I might learn,

A fruitful Bough to be,

And Christ The Branch, I might discern

A living Root to me.

(4.)

A branch, by nature now  
 of a wild Vine I be,

Or the degenerated Bough,  
 of the wild Olive-tree.

My root is rotten, 'tis like dust,  
 my Blossoms will ascend;

My grapes are Sodom's pride and lust,  
 to death my clusters tend.

(5.)

Can pricking Bryar, or grieving thorn,  
 good grapes in clusters bear?

Are figs upon the Thistle born,  
 will any seek them there?

A root of bitterness can nought,  
 but gall and wormwood bring;

No wholesome water can be brought  
 from a corrupted spring.

(6.)

Manured Nature forth may bring  
 a lovely Branch to sight,

With leaves and blossoms of the Spring;  
 and shades of great delight.

But if no fruit it doth afford

As Christ expects to find;

The Fig-tree dry'd, or Fennel-Gourd.

What (once fair) Branches may I spy,  
of fruit and leaves bereft?

Who living may be said to dye,  
to men, and burning left.

What great appearance once they made,  
with cost were digg'd and drest,  
They yielded an increasing shade,  
and promis'd with the best.

(8)

But like the Ivy, hardly known,  
on other branches hung

Their Root was properly their own  
though to the Rind they clung.

But now the Fan and Axe are brought,  
to purge and cast away:

Such fruitless figg-rees come to nought,  
such empty Vines decay.

(9)

True, The Vine-dresser yet intreats,  
that digg'd or dunge'd be;

If precepts, promises, or threats,  
may better them or me.

But to our root the Axe is put,  
if no good fruit be found,

This is the sentence, Down them cut;  
why cumber they the Ground?

(10)

Instruction I should learn from hence,

How vile a branch I be;

Unless, in a New-Cov'nant sense,  
a death shall pass on me.

Unless from *Adam* I be cut  
as standing in the Law.

And by a new-incision put

Christ's life and sap to draw.

(11)

Might I in that true Vine be found

a branch that bides alive;

And from that root and plant renew'd



Like *Joseph's* would my fruitful Bough  
by Well and Wall be sent,  
Nay, though the Archers griev'd me now  
my Bow would bide in bent,

(12)

Then in the scorching years of drought,  
when moisture others want ;  
I should retain both leaves and blowth,  
and flourish like a Plant,  
Till planted by thy crystal Brooks,  
in Paradise I be,  
Where Gods fruit-ripening shining looks  
shall still be fixt on me.

Verses sent by an unknown Hand, to Cap-  
tain *Sampson Lark*, in *Exon-Prison* : with  
a Respond.

**D**iversion breeds delight, delight prepares  
for Action, Action is the leach of cares :  
When one from t'other in this wise proceed,  
Then of Diversion sometime you have need.  
Cares only sinful actions must expell,  
Which none but lawful actions can do well :  
And lawful actions breed a chaste delight,  
Which flows from good diversion when its right.  
If lawful actions shoot out sinful care,  
And chaste delight doth for such acts prepare ;  
And good Diversion breeds such chaste delight :  
Have at the mark ! Sure, this will hit the white !

Though you are mostly known to me by fame,  
Yet I'll make bold to descant on your name :  
Names to the things sometimes do well agree,  
As, in your name, whoever will may see.  
When this agreement shall to light be brought,  
All men will say, Your name is not for nought.

*Lark* is your name, and Larks most sweetly sing,  
When they are mounted highest on the wing :  
your tousing Soul sometimes mounts up on high,  
and sings its sweetest notes above the sky.

The

The Lark feeds clean and can no filth abide.  
 To *Common-Prayer* should you a month be ty'd ;  
 I am perswaded, I may safely say,  
 You'd live on that as well as Larks by Hay ;  
 The Lark's a Princely Dish, though small to fight,  
 The Pestle of a Lark is worth a Kite.

One Hour's discourse with you more gain affords,  
 Than years acquaintance with some greater Birds.  
 But there's a season when Larks may be caught,  
 A Month in which the silly Bird doth dote ;  
 And then the Fowlers use to set their Gin,  
 They leave their stall, their Lure, the glass wherein  
 The Birds behold a false, though glistering Sun,  
 And tempted by it, to the Lure do come ;  
 And to it play, which when the Fowler sees,  
 He makes no doubt but such a Lark is his.  
 The cunning Fowlers they have set their gin,  
 Good Sir, beware lest they should draw you in ;  
 Should you be caught, they'l make a stall of you,  
 To tice in others as they use to do.

Sir, keep aloft, and stoop not to their glass ;  
 Lest what I do but hint, should come to pass,  
 With, the Proverb may in this prove true ;  
 Till the sky falls, they'l ne'r catch such as you.

I am no Poet nor a Poet's son,  
 As you may guess by what I now have done ;  
 Yet pray accept what I in love do send,  
 Although it come from Your concealed friend.

*Respond.*

Ull *Genius* rouse, for shame awaken, Hearn,  
 What mourning melodie salutes the Lark ;  
 What metred musick, what Seraphick strains,  
 What curious warblings eccho through the plains.  
 The finger to retirement is disposed.  
 No name, nor Character, must be disclosed.  
 The strain transcends (vail'd in some shady bush)  
 The Gold-bill'd *Black-bird* or the dapple *Thrush*.

Out-

Outvies the Nightingale or Turtles voice;  
 The notion's ravishing, th'anointing's choice.  
 Some Zions Singer in a sable Coat!  
 Stop, cease thus gueſſing, Heark, attend his note.  
 His quick intelligence on Eagle's wings,  
 Yields piercing insight through terrestrial things;  
 He ſees and ſmiles, at mens phanatick rage,  
 In cloiſtering unſhorn *Sampſon* in a Cage;  
 Beſides the vain attempts, to clip the wing,  
 Or to inhibit Birds inſpir'd to ſing.

But here he's out, miſtaking he admires  
 Lark's worth in act, which is but in deſires;  
 He ſpies the ſtratagems, bewraves the wiles,  
 Wherewith the Fowler ſilly Larks beguiles,  
 He warns of dangers, needful counſel drops,  
 Foreſtalls ſurpriſals, hints celeftial props.  
 Both Heaven and Earth his lot muſt Seed commend  
 Who hath ſuch a ſcal'd, though conceal'd, Friend.

Friend do not ceaſe, thy outcry to prefer,  
 Slack not thy witneſs from the Mount of Myrrh:  
 Although the Rock of Ages thee immure,  
 Where Bread's aſcertain'd, and where water's ſure  
 Though out of dread and Gunſhot thou abide,  
 Thy Talent in a Napkin do not hide.  
 From Mount-Communion Goſpel depths diſcloſe,  
 If not in Meeter, yet in nervous Proſe.  
 Direct thy Muſick to the ſhady wood,  
 Where for a covert, and to pick their food  
 The ſometime numerous flock, diſperſed lie,  
 Expos'd to ſinkings, and deſign'd to die;  
 Let pitty move you, yea, let grace incline  
 Your yearning Bowels, by a power divine;  
 Sing heaps of Wheat; Birds of the golden-feather  
 Will flee like clouds, then flock like Doves together  
 Ne'r fear the Vulturs that are now abroad,  
 Your Covert-work and Wages, are of God.  
 Ile not detain you but conclude, and end,  
 Your no way tired, though retired, Friend.

*Copy of Verses, Composed and sent me from London,  
by a Child of Twelve Years of Age.*

O H what is Man ! that God should mindful be,  
Of such a Brute, of such a Beast as he !  
Admire the goodness of the Lord of Lords,  
That he such mercy unto Man affords :  
Man that's but dirt, or clay, or some such thing.  
Oh ! then admire the goodness of our King :  
When first the Lord created Man, then he  
Did give him grace to live eternally.  
Then he did fill him with his holy Spirit,  
And gave him power, eternal joy to merit.  
Thus Man, by his own power and strength doth stand  
The subtil serpent comes with a strong hand  
To try mans power, and to shake his faith  
Thus to the woman he begins and saith  
Come, filly woman ; hath God said, that ye  
Are not to eat of the forbidden Tree ?  
The woman, answering to the Serpent, said,  
We are to eat of all that God hath made,  
But from the tree that in the midst doth stand,  
We are commanded to refrain our hand,  
The subtil Serpent gat the day at last,  
And made poor *Eve* and *Adam* be laid fast,  
In mire and dirt and filth of sinful sin ;  
Which made poor *Adam* Gods great curse to win.  
For when the woman saw the tree was good  
And that 'twould make one wise, also for food ;  
She takes the fruit of the forbidden tree,  
And gave some to her husband ; and when he  
Had taken of the fruit, he condescended  
To eat likewise, so to the Serpent bended.  
Now God, perceiving man had quite lost all  
This great perfection, had before his fall ;  
And that there was no way for him to stand ;  
He thinks, how he might put an helping hand.

Though

Though feeble man's thus fallen, and quite lost:  
 God calls his Son, and therein spares no cost,  
 Who sure is able all their sins to bear  
 Yea, though their sins were twice as many more.  
 Come, my dear Son! come, wilt thou undertake  
 To bear those Sinners sins; do, for my sake.  
 Come, my dear Son; redeem lost man for me,  
 I have no way to save him, but by Thee.  
 If thou wilt be a surety for mankind,  
 I'll covenant with thee (dear Son) and bind  
 My self to give thee strength and glorious power,  
 For to go through the torments of that hour,  
 In which thou Justice art to Satisfie,  
 I say again to thee, I will stand by.  
 Our Lord and Saviour, willing for man's sake,  
 To dye for him, he did this Office take,  
 And so well did perform his charge, that he  
 Poor Man from chains of darkness did set free.  
 By offering up himself a Sacrifice,  
 He paid the debt, that did for sin arise,  
 So to the highest Heavens doth now ascend  
 To God the Father, and from thence doth send  
 His Holy Spirit, to lead in the way,  
 And guide us, lest we erre and go astray.

*All praise be given unto the Lord of lords,  
 Who of His Grace much help to us affords,  
 And let us all our dayes express the same,  
 In honour of his great and glorious Name.*

*An Answer being desired, This fragment baing but  
 part of what was intended.*

*Kind Friend,* When first I purpos'd to rehearse  
 The courteous welcome of your rare-ripe verse;  
 With what delight, your promptness we desery  
 With what thanks-givings we God's teachings eye  
 How wit's dexterity ascends its place,  
 Yea, how it prostrates to enthroned grace;

*On this design there need not be impre'st,  
 Our rural requisits to do their best.*



Our empty *Genius* would attempt the wing;  
 Our home-spun dialect, its store would bring:  
 Wit, if it's Wit, assistance would afford  
 And wanton mirth turn-out its frothy hoord.  
 But all their work were fitter for the plough,  
 Than wreath a Garland for your hopeful Brow.

For look as haizy morning-mists give way,  
 When glistering *Plebus* doth his beams display;  
 Or as with gentlest touch the fearful Snail  
 Contracts his cornets, and slow-silvering tail:  
 So sunk, and shrunk for shame, such vain essays,  
 By sound rebukes from your grave gracious layes.

Since then, no concord can be but a clash  
 Twixt the best substance, and this filthy trash.  
 No streams, nor frames, can square with the design,  
 But aid and arguments through-out divine;  
 What great necessity upon us lyes.

For that Anointing to prefer our cries?  
 That's promis'd and prepared to direct  
 Through paths of myst'ries secrets to detect,  
 Things hid from Ages, from the voyce to hide  
 Of fleshly glory, to abuse the pride.

While babes and sucklings, weak, base, empty things;  
 Into the knowledg of these depths he brings.

Oh then what purity should such direct,  
 As lively leadings in such paths expect?  
 What chaste conceptions, yea, what frames refin'd  
 Should still accommodate the waiting mind?

And then how thankful should they trembling stand,  
 Who need such leading from this holy Hand?  
 Joy, watch with Jealousie, most safely keeps  
 Their feet who walk thro' such mysterious deeps.

Sweet Soul, for you is prayd in earlie dayes,  
 What *Israel's* finger upon high did raise,  
 Their mirth and musick who bare conquering palms  
 Prompted to sing the Lamb's and *Moses* Psalms;  
 Which none but *Zions* Virgins can acquire,  
 Can'd to the sacred Evangelick lyre.



May your dear soul the power and virtue find  
 Of that great Compact which your song doth mind;  
 How near how pure the blood of sprinkling makes,  
 What glorious priviledge the Saint partakes.  
 What helps to holiness it brings to hand,  
 On what firm Basis all his comforts stand,  
 What grounds for constant triumph it affords,  
 What sweet ingagements, still to be the Lords;  
 What blessed prospects through these clouds it gives  
 To Zions joy, that its Redeemer lives.  
 And that he hastes to pluck from Satan's jaws,  
 And give reviving to his blessed cause.

A Friend his Offer towards the preserving  
 the remembrance of that faithful Servant  
 of Christ *John (e) Edwards junior*, who  
 died in the Prison at *Exon*. the 27th year  
 of his age.

*John (e) Edwards*

Anagram.

Inward He do's, or

He Do's Inward

When Satan shuts up Saints in Ward, his might  
 Is bent to quench, at least obscure, their light,  
 To quell their Spirits, to distract their mind  
 That they no heart no hand for work should find.  
 But here's a Conqueror in spight of foes  
 His Father's business, though in Ward He Does; (cher;  
 He does much inward work, he Writes, Prays, Prea-  
 The Saints & sinners, through his grate he reaches.  
 Nay still he speaks: It don't that work obstruct,  
 Though from his prison, he to raign be pluckt,  
 This voids that argument, We must comply,  
 Or, if in bonds, must cease our Ministry.

*John (e) Edwards*

Anagram.

He'd draw Zion,

He'd Zion ward.

From

From Hell's black region, yea, through *Sinai's* shade,  
 New-covenant conduct plain his passage made,  
 From threatned strokes, which wisely he foresaw,  
 And from sins hastening them *He'd Sion draw* :  
*He'd draw* souls *Sion-ward*, with dexterous art  
 Inform their Judgments, then attract their heart.  
 His worth and *Sion's* lyes not much obscur'd ;  
 Well, though he liv'd condemn'd and dy'd immur'd  
 When *Jesus* comes, He'l in his Lot remain :  
 He slept to wake; He died to live again.

*Johannes Edwardus*

Anagram.

*Heaven'd Sion-wards.*

**T**His serious *Sionist* his race purses ; (news:  
 Whilst young men languish, still his strength re-  
 Through *Bachas* vale, he plyes from strength to  
 To appear in *Sion* is his scope at length. (strength:  
 With Princely slaves, He (sighting carnal tools)  
 Digs pits on earth, Heaven daily fills his Pools.  
 In this his progress through the Kings-High-way  
 He meets with *Heaven*, *Heaven* meets him day by day :  
 Till of a suddain midst his travelling night,  
 An Heavenly Chariot caught him out of sight.  
 Ah wretched I ! How *Barth* my course retards ;  
 Lord let me be as he, *Heaven'd Sion-wards*.

Upon the Grave-stone of *Anastis Mayow*  
 and her Child, laid in one Grave in *Dartmouth*.

*Anastis Mayow*

Anagram.

*Aim at Sions way.*

**T**ill *Jesus* comes, This-Bed the dust contains  
 Of a sweet *Sionist*, discharg'd from pains.  
 Whose *aim at Sions way*, was took aright :  
 That path she travel'd, with increasing might ;  
 That race she finish'd in her youthful day,  
 Though dead, she speaketh ; *Aim at Sions way*.

On her young Child, dying shortly after

**S**pectators ! Heed Death's quick pursuit,  
But now the Tree, and now the Fruit ;  
Yet his attempts are all but vain,  
For Tree and Fruit shall spring again.

On Mr. Fowler of Lime and his Wife.

*William Fowler*

Anagram.

*Worm will fail.*

**W**hat's man at best ? a worm. Can worms avail  
About eternal things ? A worm will fail.  
Mortals, be warn'd by me, reclaim your trust  
From man, a worm, reducible to dust.

*Martha Fowler*

Anagram.

*The formal War.*

**T**Wixt flesh and spirit once in me,  
The formal war was rais'd ;  
Now grace hath got the victory,  
the Blessed God be praised !  
The triumphs of the Crowning day  
with Jesus are not far ;  
Let nothing ( Saints ) your faith dismay,  
nor dread the formal War.

In memory of that servant of Christ, *Ed.  
Cock of Plym.* who rested from his la-  
bours the 23<sup>d</sup>. of the 5<sup>th</sup>. Month 1666.

*Edward Cock*

Anagram.

*A Dewed Rock.*

**I**F *Rizpah's* offer from her Princely mind,  
Such Royal favour did with *David* find ;  
When she, with Tears and tenderness, had spread  
A sable sackcloth to conceal the Dead.

Nay

Nay, clad with this attire the mournful *Rock*,  
Where hung the Off-spring of *Saul's* Royal stock,  
From Birds and Beasts, them day and night to keep  
Till from above the clouds on them did weep;  
Nay, till their Bones the Kings command did gather  
And lay in state and honour with their father;  
Till Harvest's end, till three years famine cease,  
Till God was pacifi'd, the Land at Peace.

Why may not I at least allowed be  
This Paper-Canopie to spread on thee?  
Dear Heaven-born, Royally descended *Lock*  
Not to obscure thee, nor thy dewed *Rock*.  
Thou art secured, in a better way,

From teeth or claws of Birds, or Beasts of prey;  
From stife, of tongues, and from the foot of pride;  
Thy Father's Royal Secret-Tent doth hide.

As for the *Rock*, whereon thou end'st thy dayes,  
Its none of *Gilboa's* the dew bewrayes,  
Thy roots were watered, though to stones they clung,  
And all night-long dew on thy branches hung.  
Thy fleece with drops was filled from on high,  
When round-about, the parched ground was dry;  
Yet still as *Jacobs* fountain dropt on thee  
At second hand, they round should dewed be.

From thence thy first and latter rain did drop,  
Which fill'd thy ears, and so enrich'd thy crop.  
Thy Ear-ripe Harvest God's command did shew,  
Thou shouldst be blessed with Mount *Zions* dew.  
On this High *Rock* where thou wert made to ride,  
Honey and Butter flow'd on every side.

This strong munition did thy peace secure,  
Thy bread was given thee, and thy waters sure.  
Thy Sepulcher thou in this *Rock* didst hew,  
Yet still remain'st; as Dew of herbs thy Dew.  
Thy flesh abides in hope, though't dwell in dust;  
With Christ's dead-Body, rise and sing it must.  
It's but a little while, until the King  
Shall make the dwellers of this *Rock* to sing.

A friendly attempt to call to remembrance  
the precious Saviour of that gracious Soul  
Mrs. Margaret Trenick, late wife of Mr  
Thomas Trenick, of Plymouth: who de-  
parted this life the 30th. day of the second  
Month (vul. Januarie) Anno 1665, being  
the 27th. year of her age. Psal. 12. 1.

Margaret Trenick,

Anagram

Art creating meeker.

My slumbring Muse hath me invited,  
A song with sighs in hand to take,  
But with such work not much delighted,  
She shrunk and slunk, escapes to make;  
Great indisposedness appears  
In mind and members to this thing;  
Yea, throngs of doubtings, clouds, and fears,  
Discouraging-excuses bring.

But under great ingagements I'll go seek her,  
For thy sweet sake who art creating meeker.

But oh, How treat of Christ can I?

Or of his Grace-begetting write?

Creating is a Theam too high,

Unless th' Anointing all indite.

Besides, it is a sight so rare

To see Creating-grace display

The Everlasting Arm made Bare,

Who will believe in it one day!

Becomes me best, to own myself a seeker,

Can this thing be? Thou art creating meeker.

But when I fix my serious thought

Upon the task I'm undertaking;

A lively instance forth is brought,

Of a meek soul, yet meeker making

A Lamb-like temper at the first  
 In nature beautify'd her morn;  
 But 'twas not Adam, form'd of Dust,  
 Whose meekness could her Soul adorn:  
*'Till Christ in meekness comes Himself to seek Her,*  
*And speaks with power, Thou art creating meeker.*

This new Creation progress found,  
 From strength to strength by meekning grace;  
 By oppositions gaining ground,  
 'Till she had finished her race.  
 Through soul-distresses, doubts, delays,  
 Which others meekness oftentimes tire;  
 She meekly walkt to Christs High praise,  
 Her meekness, by these steps got higher.  
*Nay when grim death to ruine all did seek her,*  
*This truth was seal'd, Th' art yet creating meeker.*

Margaret Trenick,  
 Anagram,  
*Greater Mercie tak'n.*

While Earth's foundations cannot stand,  
 while powers of Heaven are shaken;  
 Me God hath from great plagues at hand,  
*In greater Mercy taken.*

Friends, do not grieve, then that by me  
 This wretched world's forsaken;  
 Here to be left might mercy be,  
*But greater mercy taken.*

In dust I sleep, now freed from tears,  
 But shortly shall awaken:  
 And shall be, when my Christ appears,  
*In greater Mercy taken.*

Ye might have one day wept to see  
 Me sigh, as one forsaken;  
 But now, Triumph that Christ hath me  
*To greater Mercy taken.*

Margaret



Margaret Trenick.

Anagram.

*Mark retreating.*

The blessed subject of this mournful verse,  
Transcends my skill, her praises to rehearse:  
The lively grace which in her youth did shine,  
Reflects convictions on this Soul of mine.

How short of her I am in patient waiting,  
And how unskil'd, aright to *mark retreating*.

This age of deep revolt from truths profest,  
Made sad impressions on her heaven-born breast:  
Such as bespoke her, griev'd in heart to see  
God's name blasphem'd (by seeming Saints) to be.  
This broke her sleep, and mixt with tears her eating  
To mark the madness of this Times *retreating*.

It's true, she talkt not much, made little noise,  
Her closet-Friend, she chose should hear her voice:  
But her whole walk with God, and man bewray'd  
Heartful of matter, though not much she said.

For hers and others Souls, her heart was beating,  
To mark the steps and issues of *retreating*.

She chose to walk a mournful softly pace,  
Weeping while waiting for her Father's face;  
Sharp sickness seal'd home love, but seiz'd her life,  
Once a choice Virgin, then a faithful Wife.

Both life and death, this Anagram repeating,  
Behold the upright's end, but *mark retreating*.

Margaret Trenick,

Anagram.

*King rare matter.*

*A Dialogue betwixt a Querist, and her  
Answer.*

*Querist.*

Dear Heart! while living, Grace did much appear  
In thy slow speaking, who were quick to hear,

But

But more, when Death did thy crakt pitcher break,  
Thy Lamp shines brightest, & thou dead dost speak.  
In this I acquiesce, yet fain would know  
Why wert so mute, why to good speech so slow?

*Answer.*

The Tempter on my temper might prevail,  
Some needful teachings sometimes to conceal:  
Pretending ease, yet brought no solid rest;  
The fire increasing in my panting breast.  
Which rais'd rebukes, convictions, griefs, so high,  
As found no vent but through a weeping eye.

*Quest.*

Was't all and only thy temptations then  
Thou wert so mute among the sons of men?  
So scarcely sociable, so retir'd,  
As made Converse with thee not much desir'd?  
Thy lips allow'd thy heart so little vent,  
That few could fathom what thy musing meant.

*Ans.*

Nay sometimes reasonings of a higher kind,  
Did that way Byass my poor pausing mind;  
I view'd and wept on a professing Age,  
That talk'd Religion on a stately stage:  
But so reproacht it by unworthy walking,  
As made me dread their fellowship in talking.

*Quest.*

But why among the Saints, thy dear delight,  
Were so reserved, if not silent quite?  
Their gracious speeches drop as generous wine,  
Yet might have been more spic'd & warm'd by thine.  
'Tis wisdom's way these waters deep to draw,  
By frequent speakings, yet with holy awe.

*Ans.*

Besides the Tempter's wiles, I oft bethought  
How ignorant I was, what need be taught;  
How little I could speak to others gain,  
How I had spoke already much in vain.  
Then begg'd a bridle on my lips might be,  
Lest I should speak what was not in me.

*Quest.*

Quest.

It's true, Their talk involves both guilt and dangers  
 Who boast of grace, whereto they are but strangers.  
 But all who rightly knew thy soul, could say;  
 Ther's precious treasure, though a straightned way.  
 Nay, when Death seiz'd thee, and thy strength was  
 What glorious matter prest to have a vent! (spee

Ans.

I must confess (though forth I could not bring)  
 My heart conceiv'd *rare matter* for the King,  
 But my conceits were shatter'd, short, and bare  
 Of such high *matter*, Heavenly-Royal, rare,  
 I could not speak what I was apprehending,  
 Until my clouds, my freights, and sighs, were ending

*Margaret Trenick,*

Anagram,

*Make not grace retire.*

**I**F this Saint's name, inverted thus, affords  
 Such choice variety of teaching words;  
 What would her nature, her new nature, yield;  
 Had we traversed that sweet-smelling field;  
 But since with gravity it was inclo'd  
 Not seeking entrance, most its profit los'd.

Such Bosom-friends as did that key acquire  
 Found deeply graven. *Make not Grace retire.*

Above the rest, her yolk-fellow is left  
 To wail with bitterness, as one bereft  
 Of a choice Jewel, whose rare vertues lay  
 In Bosome-strengthenings, through Christs hated way  
 Her heavenly arguments, in secret dropt,  
 His fainting soul hath oft with courage propt.

When he ran hazards, still did her desire  
 Keep conscience tender, *Make not grace retire.*

Consult not wife and children, would she say;  
 Though we beg with you, in the Kings-high way:  
 Betray not any truth, what'ere 't would get you,  
 Desert no station where the Lord hath set you.

Great

Great sufferings rather choose, then little sin:  
 A little spark may dreadful flames begin.  
 Set sovereign pleasure in dominion higher:  
 Though nature sterile, *Make not grace retire.*  
 Each word of wisdom, dropt in gracious cools,  
 Speak louder than the cry that reigns with fools.  
 When Husband slept, the pantings of her breast,  
 A frequent travail, held her eyes from rest.  
 For clearer sealings of her Father's love  
 For Sion's showers, and shinings from above.  
 She durst not grieve the Spirit, quench his fire,  
 Not make the least true *grace of His retire.*  
 At last she best appear'd on fiery tests,  
 When bonds, her Husband: Death, her self arrests.  
 When stript of strength, being forc't, her husband left  
 Of all three sons her Father had bereft her. (her,  
 When friends stood trembling grace such beams did  
 As rais'd with triumph fill'd with joy her heart. (dart  
 These first-fruits of the Kingdom, set her higher  
 Than that the Tempter should *make grace retire.*  
 Sweet soul! She now a glorious rest obtains  
 From all her outward pangs, her inward pains.  
 Relation-due she long'd so to perform,  
 As griev'd to leave him in this dismal storm.  
 They cease to bind her: These cares ended are;  
 To be with *Jesus* she finds better fare.  
 To such rare patterns might my soul aspire!  
 Not grieving Christ, *Not making grace retire.*

*An Epitaph.*

Give heed, Spectators; In this grave's involv'd  
 A costly Cabinet to be dissolv'd;  
 With wondrous wisdom richly rarely wrought,  
 And by great exercises aptly brought  
 To lodge, subserve, and openly to tender  
 An heavenly Jewel, this age rich to render.  
 But its new workmanship in worth did rise it  
 To such vast value; this World could not prize it.  
 They'd

They'd foiles indeed, to shade it wisely set,  
 And on its outside some distempers met;  
 On which the world did with contempt insist,  
 Till their enriching Market-time they mist.  
 So little knows this crooked generation  
 Their things for peace, or days of Visitation;  
 Like them of old, cry, *Barrabas* set free,  
 Dispatch the Heir, the Vineyard ours shall be.  
 But the great Owner marks not jealous eyes  
 This age's aptitude to slight, dispise,  
 And scorn his tenders of the richest Gem,  
 Crown-Jewels, nay, the Royal Diadem;  
 And vex to see in this provoking world,  
 His precious treasure basely kick'd and hurl'd.

Determines, Earth's not worthy to contain.  
 His royal retinue, his Princely train  
 Or these rich treasures which they gladly bring,  
 And freely offer to endear their King.  
 In wrath he seems to speak, My Saints, retire  
 To your strong Tower, from my approaching Ire:  
 Come draw off from the gap, desert the breach,  
 Let me and them alone; To pray, to preach,  
 Reprove, or witness in the gate's, a crime.  
 Prudent, keep silence, 'tis an evil time;  
 In Dens and Caves a remnant I will hide,  
 In Prison-holes some precious ones shall bide;  
 Some from their Homes and Land dispell'd shall be,  
 To bear a witness, and stand ground for me.  
 But, from your usefulness to this vile age  
 More then to shew their sin, disclose their rage,  
 And aggravate their Judgment, I discharge you;  
 Yet in due Season I'll again enlarge you.

Nay, strange not, If I gather from your fight  
 Some Gems of honour, Stones of great delight.  
 I break and hide my Cabinet in dust,  
 Transfer my jewels where's no moth, nor rust;  
 With just mens souls in light to set them down,  
 A Constellation in a splendid Crown.



Till Christ appear, his Jewels to collect,  
To raise his dead, to change his quick elect;  
Their spirits, souls, and bodies to translate  
In blessed likeness to his raised state.

The King of glory swiftly thus dispos'd  
Of our choice *Margaret*, not yet disclos'd  
In her enriching worthiness to all,  
Till, *Come up hither*, was her blessed Call.

Ah wretched age ( must we in it remain?)  
Which sins away such Jewels, to their gain,  
But our loss irreparable; unless  
The quickening Spirit from on high possess  
The Remnant that is left, but scattered lie  
About the graves, as bones exceeding dry.

Lord, Hasten that Blessing which thy truth contains  
Of its descending as the latter rains;  
To usher in the glory of Thy Day,  
Thy Kingdom come! Sweet Jesus, hasten away!

*In Memory of that Example of the grace and  
power of God, Caleb Vernon, who departed this life,  
the 29. day of the 9th. Month, 1665. being aged  
twelve years, and six months.*

*Caleb Vernon*

*Anagr.*

*Bore unclean,*

*Nue clean Robe.*

*Through Adam's nature I unclean was bore,  
Through grace (betimes) Christ's nue clean Robe, I wore.*

**B**Y nature in my first estate,  
A wretched babe was I;  
In open field deserving hate,  
In blood and filthy did lie.  
And in that state I did delight,  
As in my sport and play;  
And therein would with all my might,  
Have wallowed night and day.

H

And



And though from gross enormities,  
 I might by men be clear'd  
 Yet to my Maker's searching eyes  
 Defil'd I all appear'd.  
 Though nature with a pregnant wit,  
 And comeliness adorn me;  
 And education adds to it,  
 To teach, restrain, reform me:  
 What prov'd it but deceiving paint  
 On which defiling sin  
 It did not kill, but lay restraint  
 Where outrage would begin.  
 A pleasant picture to the eye  
 I hereby might appear;  
 By which to cloffe-Idolatry:  
 Some might be drawn (I fear)  
 But God, that faithful he might be  
 That deadly snare to break,  
 And that right early unto me  
 He grace and peace might speak:  
 With tenderness on these intents  
 He strips me of my vail;  
 My costly coverings all he rents  
 My countenance makes pale.  
 My comeliness to rot he turns  
 My witty words to groans;  
 My moisture up with drought he burns,  
 Discloseth all my bones.  
 And in a day of publick Ire  
 Me these rebukes did meet,  
 When pestilence as burning fire  
 slew thousands at his feet.  
 I who to blossome did begin,  
 With such fair paint before;  
 Now as the early fruit of sin  
 This character I wore.  
 Despised Idol, broke to earth  
 A Potsherd no way fit,

To take up fire out of the hearth,  
 Or water from the pit.  
 But though, neer corruptible dust,  
 This curious frame was brought,  
 By gracious pleasure stay it must,  
 Till nobler work were wrought.  
 Till deep convictions of my sin,  
 Till Jesus form'd in me;  
 Till as my portion I begin,  
 The Lord's dear Christ to see.  
 Till all my sins were done away,  
 Till terrors made me cease;  
 Till heart and mind could sweetly stay  
 In thought-surpassing peace.  
 Nay till in an accepted day,  
 My homage I could bring,  
 And in his instituted way,  
 Devote me to the King.  
 Till Christ put on, his works allow'd,  
 His dying marks imbrac'd,  
 His cause confess, his works avow'd,  
 His sufferings boldly fac'd.  
 His promise for a portion took,  
 Saints for companions chose.  
 And on him plac'd a fixed look,  
 For future free dispose.  
 Since then in an unusual way  
 Rich Grace hath thus array'd me;  
 And in my young, yet dying-day,  
 With glory overlay'd me:  
 What properly should I desire,  
 But, now dissolv'd to be:  
 And in this marriage-white Attire  
 My Bridegroom's face to see?  
 In Kedar who would not bemoan,  
 If there he must reside.  
 Oh wretched man! Who would not groan,  
 In sinful flesh to bide?

Who'd lodge in such a nasty shade,  
 As torturing tottering stands,  
 That hath a pallace ready made  
 Not with polluted hands?  
 Where sin, temptation, suffering, strife,  
 Shall fully be destroyed.  
 All-Dying, swallow'd up of Life,  
 And God at full enjoy'd.  
 What ailes my Parent then to weep,  
 My friends to be dismay'd?  
 Relations such a doe to keep,  
 to see a Child unray'd?  
 Its filthy garments lay'd in dust,  
 He lay'd, repose to take.  
 Untill the morning when he must,  
 With *New clean Robes* awake.  
 May this a witness be to truth  
 In this backsliding day,  
 A Cryfall mirrour unto youth,  
 How to amend its way, Amen.

Verses affixed to the Wall of the Prison, at  
 the *Guildhall* in *Plimouth*; where *A. C.* was detain-  
 ed a month, and thence sent to the Island, the 27th.  
*Sept. 1665.*

**N**igh four years since, sent out from hence,  
 To *Exon* Goal was I,  
 But special Grace in three months space,  
 wrought out my liberty.  
 Till *Bartholomew* in sixty two,  
 that freedom did remain;  
 Then without bail to *Exon* Gail,  
 I hurried was again.  
 Where having layn, as doe the slain,  
 'Mong dead men wholly free;  
 Full three years space, my native place.  
 by leave I come to see,  
 And thought not then, I here again,  
 A months restraint should find,

Since

Since, to my Den, cast out from men,  
 I'm during life design'd.  
 But since my lines the Lord assigns,  
 In such a lot to be,  
 I kiss the rod, confess, my God  
 deals faithfully with me.  
 My charged crime, in his due time,  
 he fully will decide,  
 And until then, forgiving men,  
 In peace with him I bide.

On the beginning of his recovering from a  
 great sickness, on the *Island of Plymouth*.  
 To his truly Sacred Majesty, the High and  
 Mighty Potentate, King of kings, and Lord  
 of lords, Prince of Life and peace, Heir of all  
 things, and Head over all to the Church.

The humble prostration, and thankful acknowledg-  
 ment, of a poor Prisoner of hope, whose life upon  
 all accompts hath been marvellously preserved, and  
 delivered with a great Salvation from the pit of  
 Corruption.

**M**ost glorious Sovereign to thy feet is brought,  
 The trembling Offspring of a contrite thought;  
 By a poor Captive who attempts to raise,  
 An *Eben-ezer*, to his Saviours praise.  
 A lasting Pillar as in Conscience bound,  
 In due remembrance of choice favours found;  
 With Grace to succour in a needful hour,  
 From death's dominion, and the Tempter's power;  
 But when thy worm reflects what can it bring,  
 Comporting with the grandure of a King;  
 Of such bright Majesty, as Angels must  
 Their faces vail before, shall sinful dust  
 Have bold access, and kind acceptance meet  
 For self and service at thy burning feet?

May Hair, a Badgers-skin, a widows-mite,  
 From willing minds, find favour in thy sight;  
 A pair of Pigeons, or a turtle Dove,  
 Find kind construction from the God of love?  
 Is there more over-laid by the supply,  
 To help such weakness in infirmity?  
 A costly covering doth thy grace provide,  
 Their blemishes to veil, their spots to hide,  
 Who from their sense of need and duty bring,  
 Their lowly homage to their lofty King?  
 On such encouragements here trembling stands,  
 A contrite Waiter though with empty hands.  
 Whose bag and basket speak him to become,  
 More like a begger than a bringer-home,  
 Who though he aimes and longs in this address.  
 His utmost obligations to express,  
 To charge his conscience, and discharge his Vow,  
 Abandon other lords, to Jesus bow;  
 Yet finds in All, that, void of Royal Aid,  
 Nought worthy of thee can be thought or said.  
 Apart from Christ the best attempts (Alas,)  
 Are tinkling cymballs, and as sounding brass,  
 Such stately structures prove but Wood and Hay.  
 I'th Test and contest of that burning day,  
 These dear experiments so often Tri'd;  
 All boasting confidence from flesh must hide,  
 Of self-sufficiency in best attire,  
 To form that work, or breathe but that desire,  
 Or think that thought, that can in Justice claim,  
 One heavenly aspect on its act or Aim.  
 What then remains, thy worm must prostrate fall,  
 While sentence from thy presence past on all  
 Which self hath gloried in, or flesh hath gain'd,  
 With whatsoe'r to Adam appertain'd.  
 His Wisdom, Will, his Power, Delight, Desire,  
 Or what his Art, or Industry acquire;  
 His noblest faculties, acutest parts.  
 His liberal Sciences or rarest Arts.

Nay his best righteousness, his all in all,  
 Must be resign'd, surrendred, left to fall,  
 He sentenc'd, Crucified, Dispoil'd, Disgrac'd,  
 And at the feet of conquering Jesus plac'd;  
 That on its ruines, Gospel grace may rear  
 A living pillar, Thy new-name to bear.

A Mourner's Mite, towards the right Remembrance of  
 that late Labourer in the Gospel, *Thomas Glass*, who  
 rested from his work on earth, the 30th day of the  
 7th Month, 1666.

**M**Y heart with grief and pain is prest,  
 As over-charged in my breast:  
 Its struglings of a divers kind,  
 Perplex and intricate my mind,  
 Confus'd entanglement appears,  
 Of sence with faith, of hopes with fears.  
 Vicissitudes of ups and downs,  
 Of smiles that interfere with frowns;  
 As twins that mutually contend.  
 To bring which contest to an end,  
 I thought it ill to keep them pent,  
 But in this order give them Vent.

Sense. O that my head were as a springing Well,  
 Mine eyes as rivers streaming down with tears:  
 O that I in some wilderness did dwell,  
 Where none might mark my sighs, my groans, my fears,  
 Where heart might break, for what is come to pass,  
 By Gods fresh breach, on my dear looking-glass.

Faith. Hold, hold thy peace, for shame, The Lord's at hand,  
 Let moderation now to all appear,  
 Let faith for sole submission give command,  
 Let perfect love check such tormenting fear,  
 Thy standing's founded as on mount of brass;  
 What mean such outcries for a broken Glass.

Sense.



*Sense.* If this my loss were Personal alone,  
My sin deserves it, I should bear such strokes;  
But O, methinks I heard poor Zion groan,  
'Gainst me all day his Jealousie thus Smokes;  
My walls are fallen, my gates are burnt alas,  
My golden pillars are as broken Glasse.

*Faith.* Such swift severe dispatches clad with wonder,  
Bring teaching lessons to th'obedient care,  
Who waiting in the secret place of thunder;  
Attends with silence, reverence, godly fear,  
At least how sojourners their time should pass,  
That measures by a running shaking Glasse.

*Sense.* Hark, hark, how Sion sighs as put to shame,  
My children scatter'd, plague doth thousands slay;  
Poor London, undone with devouring flame,  
Distrest at land, and bloody wars at Sea.  
My strength is not of stone, nor flesh of Brass,  
Why am I broke as Shreds, as abject Glasse?

*Faith.* But what's the cause in this confused noise,  
So few speak right, few smite upon the thigh,  
To get by heart the tabring Turtles voice,  
What have I done? ah Master, Is it I?  
Till such reflects be made; expect '(Alas! )  
A toying Milstone for a Fixing Glasse.

*Sense.* I captive sit by Babel's rivers brink,  
My heart even broke, my harps on willows hang;  
When on poor Sions ruins I bethink,  
I cannot tune the Songs which once I sang:  
Her heavens are Iron, and her earth as brass,  
Her silver dross, her diamonds as Glasse.

*Faith.* Such wordly sorrow tends to death at length,  
Not to repentance; lye not on the ground,  
Take Gospel-Armour, gird thy loyns with strength;  
With search, the troubling Achan may be found.  
If grace prepare thee shoes of steel and brass,  
Thou mayst stand harping on this Sea of Glasse.

*Sense.*

Sense. *The Righteous perish, good men snatch'd away,  
The rest leave Captive ! how am I bereft ?  
Most leave their Station, mighty men decay.  
If any pleasant lecture yet be left,  
Upon its comeliness a wind doth pass  
Thus all my hopes dash as a crystal-Glass.*

r, Faith. *Those costly coverings likely did provoke,  
To burning jealousy when over-priz'd ;  
And must be dash'd by a displeasing stroke,  
As Moses's Serpent when 'twas Idoliz'd :  
If that was stamp'd-on as a piece of brass,  
No marvel 'tis so with a beauteous Glass.*

Sense. *Have pity (saith she) while I thus bemoan  
My sin's remembred, and my Son is slain ;  
More natural to care for me was none :  
How can such losses be repair'd again ?  
Who'l sow and send the feet of Oxe and Ass  
Besides all waters, as did painful Glass.*

Faith. *Take heed, take heed, lest flesh be too much ey'd,  
In what th' Anointing only can repair ;  
Broke Sycamores by Oaks may be suppli'd :  
Faln bricks by stones too makes a Building fair ;  
But by such patching 'twill be worse alas,  
New generous wine will break old Shop-worn Glass.*

Sense. *Alas, who then shall live when God appears,  
Who can the taste of such refining bear ?  
When Fire and Furnace be in Sion rears ;  
Sinners in Sion must be fill'd with fear.  
His eyes as flames, his feet as burning brass,  
Will melt hard Adamants as fluid Glass.*

Faith. *The Fire indeed is hot, the breach is large,  
But he sits by to do us, make us good ;  
If one hair fall not but with special charge ;  
If Lillies, Sparrows, have their paint and food ;  
If God takes care of Oxen, Birds, and grass ;  
He's more concern'd in his dear precious Glass.*

Sense.

*Sense.* Ab that both Saints and Sinners could lament  
In Town and Country, where this Glas did run ;  
The Golden hours they foolishly mispent :  
Ere this his Generation-work was done.

*Had we an Hiram, skil'd to work in brass,  
Jacin and Boaz might be rear'd for Glas,*

*Faith.* True, he was sick and sleepy, whom Jesus lov'd,  
But they who sleep so, shall do well at length ;  
They rest from labours, are from sin remov'd,  
Weep not ; he's gon but to renew his strength :  
We face to face shall see him ; for, alas,  
We saw but darkly, through that fractur'd Glas.

*Sense.* Must I be stript then of my choice attire ?  
To offer Isaac, is an heavy tryal ;  
Must I be season'd thus with salt and fire ?  
How hard a lesson is this self-denial ?

*My nail's remov'd, its weight is fall'n, alas,  
Cups, Flaggons great and small, all break as Glas.*

*Faith.* Take heed of murmuring when God comes down  
To bind up Jewels that on earth he findes,  
To raise and fix them in a glorious crown :  
He calls for chearful gifts from willing-minds.  
When he would have a laver made of Brass,  
Mark how each daughter offer'd up her Glas.

*Sense.* These are hard sayings ; deep to deep doth call ;  
My flesh begins to fail, my heart to sink ;  
Tis hard to feed on vinegar and gall,  
To eat of ashes, and with tears to drink :  
From me, if it were possible, let pass  
Such deadly draughts, mixt in a breaking Glas.

*Faith.* Cease Rachel's-weeping, hope is in thine end ;  
Thy Children to their border God will bring.  
He'l Plead thy cause, thy right he will defend,  
Then Kedars-dwellers and the rocks, shall sing ;  
Thy countenance that black, and scorched was,  
Shall shine in brightness like transparent Glas.

An Anagram and Elegy, on his dear deceased friend, *John Vernon*; who having served his Generation by the will of God, fell asleep the twenty ninth day of the third Month, *vulg.* called *May*, 1667.

*For, Christ was hunted, griev'd, disgrac'd,  
With Christ, is In New Honor plac'd.*

## I.

Come *Sions* Mourners, men of holy skill  
For lamentation, in the Ashes lie;  
Come skilful mourning Women, weep your fill,  
Take up a wailing, help to raise the cry,  
Till from our eyes. like Rivers, tears run down,  
Though *in nue honor*, we have lost our Crown.

## . I I.

Iniquities do more and more abound,  
Thy that were filthy, will be filthy still.  
Heaven-daring sins without controule are found;  
With wickedness how doth the Ephah fill!  
Saints! fill your Bottle with repenting tears,  
Then *in nue honor* quickly God appears.

## . I I I.

A fixed Series of rebukes of late,  
Like Wave on Wave, discovers dirt and mire,  
In persons, Families, in Church and State,  
No stone in *Sion* but is tried by fire.  
All old Creation things with trembling mixt.  
Nought stands but what is *in nue honor* fixt,

## . I V.

Mongst other warnings of a dreadful day  
Approaching on the remnant that are left;  
The Righteous fail, the best men caught away;  
Of sense and feeling seem the rest bereft,  
How swift the ruines of this old World haste,  
Whilst *in nue honor* Saints so swift are plac'd.

Whilst

V.

Amidst these troops of fiery Chariots prest,  
The Royal Offspring home to bring with speed;  
My heart is pain'd to undergo the test,  
Of parting with this *Israelite* indeed

Yet when I think how many are debasing,  
I durst not grudge him *in nua* honour placing.

V I.

But who in such a stormy Wind can part  
With such a Father, such a Friend indeed,  
And not cry out in bitterness of heart,  
A double share I of thy Spirit need?

Though carnal *Israel*, *Israel's*-troubler calls thee,  
Yet *in nua* honour *Israel's*-God install thee.

V II.

Poor *England* little thinks, doth less bewail,  
Its Chariots and best Horse-men troop away  
When Witnesses and loud Reprovers fail,  
Our grand Tormenters are dispatch'd say they.  
In open streets expos'd to scorn such lie,  
Ere *in nua* honour they be rais'd on high.

V III.

(pear'd)

What though ( dear Soul ) thy worth hath not ap-  
But black among the potsherds thou hast lien,  
Thy visage mar'd, thy beauty been besmear'd,  
By mingling *Sions* Dust with tears of thine.

That dust is wash't, those tears are wip'd away,  
Since *in nua* honor thou art call'd to stay.

V X.

Earth was not worthy of thee, could not bear thee,  
Prophane and loose Professors far'd alike;  
Thy words and walks did make them fret or fear thee  
'Gainst those defilements thou wert bent to strike.  
In base 'Compliances thou dread'st to bow,  
Wert then in shame, art *in nua* honour now.

X.

Ah, what a troop of weepers I descry  
Of Widows, Fatherless, Sick, Prisoners, sad,

Poor, Exiles, Desolate, condemn'd to die,  
Shewing how they by thee were chear'd and clad.  
Our loss, weep they, will scarce repaired be  
Till *in nua honor* we meet Christ with thee.

XI.

Among the Flock of Slaughter, clad with dust,  
Thro' sympathy in Spirit oft am I;  
But with *Job's* Comforters fit mute I must  
Since grief amounts to such extremity:

His indignation, having sinn'd, let's bear,  
Till *in nua honor* he our breach repair.

XII.

A remnant 'mongst the rest I spy,  
Of Mourners mark'd and seal'd in front and hands;  
Whom carnal Brethren casting out, do cry  
Where is now your God? our Mount unshaken stands,  
But to their shame he will appear at last.

When *in nua honor* are markt Mourners plac't.

XIII.

Eor his blest chafned Household, left with God,  
The pregnant Widow, and her hopeful Seed.  
Friends, Servants, Sojourners, that feel this Rod,  
My flesh doth tremble, and my heart doth bleed.

Through right to Christ, yet raised from the dead,  
Ye *in nua honor* have a better head.

XIV.

Among these mourners should I strive to sing,  
Like Vinegar on Nitre it would seem;  
If to their Sorrows I more weight should bring,  
A woful Comforter they'l me esteem.

Haste to thy Mountain (Soul) with mourning Wings,  
Till *in nua honor* light from darkness springs.

XV.

But, ah poor finners! when will ye be wise?  
They're gone who did disturb your carnal peace.  
But sins abiding, stones shall cry, and rise,  
Rather than Gods contest with you shall cease.



With flames his Controverſie he'll renew,  
If in *nue honor* ye no right purſue.

## XVI.

His Prophets he no longer now imployes,  
His ſlighted, ſcorn'd Ambaſſadors withdraws;  
But with Heaven-ſhaking, Earth-affrighting noiſe,  
As if ſeven Thunders ſpake, he pleads his Cauſe.

Stout Sinners! gird your loyns, deciſions nigh;  
Saints! to your Fortreſſ *in nue honor* fly.

## XVII.

Backſliding *England*, once profeſſing high,  
Now turning *Egypt*-ward in ſpite of wrath;  
Thy Oaths, baſe crouchings, deep Apoſtacy,  
To ſins and vengeance floodgates opened hath.

Turn, turn at Gods reproof, break off thy ſin,  
Elſe ne'er expect *nue honor* ſtepping in.

## XVIII.

Yet hope's in *Iſrael* ſtill, though fleſh hath none;  
A ſhelter from the Storm have Saints provided,  
When deſolate expoſ'd, left moſt alone,  
They by Gods Eye and Counſel ſhall be guided:  
When deſolations at their height begin,  
Such Earthquakes uſher their *nue honors* in.

## XIX.

Then mourning, trembling *Sion*iſts attend,  
Though heart and hand grow faint, liſt up your head.  
The Achan ſearch, the breach and gap defend,  
Twixt Porch and Altar ſtand, twixt quick and dead.  
Peace may be made (perhaps) a Pardon had,  
And plowed *Sion* in *nue honor* clad.

## XX.

Nay, though this Age muſt needs be ſuch,  
That *Noahs*, *Daniels*, *Jobs* find no ſuch  
Decrees be ſeal'd, and men have loſt their day;  
Yet ſhall your faithful work have full reward,  
Th' *Aſſyrians* floods your peace ſhall not annoy,  
Ye in *nue honor* ſhall your God enjoy.



